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NOVEMBER, 1951

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(Joel ii. 32)

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# THE FORTNIGHTLY

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NOVEMBER, 1951

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## CANADA AT THE CROSSROADS

BY W. FRIEDMANN

OF the British Dominions both Australia and Canada have, in recent years, been faced with new and great opportunities as well as with heavy responsibilities—the price of independence and political maturity. The Westminster Conferences of 1926-1930, fully partly embodied in the Statute of Westminster 1931, gave all the British Dominions the outward symbols of sovereignty and independence, freeing them from all the remaining traces of legal inequality, a process which in Canada has now been completed by the abolition of all appeals to the Privy Council. Only the last war and its aftermaths could have forced Australia and Canada to face problems formerly dormant under the shield of British power and guidance. The decline of British military and economic power has compelled both Dominions to survey their own resources, their strength and their weakness realistically. It has also made them look for new associations. The constant pressure of the cold war leaves no room for capism.

Here the parallel ends. The specific problems facing Australia and Canada are very different. Australia finds herself, together with New Zealand, an isolated outpost of the British Commonwealth in the western world, surrounded by a swelling tide of Asian nationalism. But their very isolation seems to make Australians more self-confident, and determined to develop a country not too richly endowed with natural wealth, through planned scientific and industrial advancement. Canada is in many ways more fortunate. In a country which has already the third largest volume of trade in the world, every month brings news of new, untapped, natural resources. Large oil deposits in Alberta and high-grade iron ore in Labrador add to such vital raw materials as nickel and timber, of which Canada is the world's largest producer. Present strategic needs and the almost unlimited scope of armament production, make these developments even more important. Indeed, quite a few Canadians are content to quote these facts, to point to Canada's growing volume of industrial production and to be sure that Canada is on the threshold of a very great future. Those who hold this view think in economic terms only and are mainly found in industrial and business circles. They accept, or even welcome, the facts that Canada's industrial development is



already deeply intertwined with American industry and business, that the great Canadian manufacturing concerns producing finished and semi-finished goods such as steel or motor cars or processed foods are mostly controlled by American interest, and that American rather than British capital will predominate in the development of Canada's untapped reservoirs of oil and iron ore. Recent trends in trade and investment tell their tale. In 1938 more than 50 per cent. of Canadian exports went to other members of the British Commonwealth and less than a half to the United States. In 1950, two-thirds of a very much larger volume of Canadian exports went to the United States while the Commonwealth took only a little over 20 per cent. At the tariff conference at Torquay, Canada alone, of all the Commonwealth countries, made a satisfactory bargain with the United States. Direct American investment in Canada, in 1950, amounted to 175 million dollars. Most of this represents American shares in Canadian enterprises. The inflow of American capital was large enough to enable the Canadian Government to free the Canadian dollar from any fixed exchange parity, and let it find its own level, which is at present between five and six points below that of the American dollar.

Canadian currency being linked to the American dollar and the chronic difficulties of the sterling area are likely to strengthen the economic bonds between Canada and the United States and to weaken those between Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth. If, as is likely, Canadian armament production is standardized with American rather than British types of weapons, this trend will be powerfully increased. The adoption of a new British infantry rifle different in calibre and design from the American standard rifle, therefore particularly disturbing to Canada.

For if, as *The Economist* put it : " The Canadians have made the decisions that they must live freely with the American economy and are optimistic about the results ", this is far from saying that most Canadians are reconciled to a gradual and total absorption by the United States. On the contrary, the very strength of the American economic pull, and the emergence of the United States as the overwhelming political and military force of the western world is causing Canadians to do a great deal of self-searching. There is no longer any question of British hegemony, politically, economically, or culturally. On the contrary, Canadians are now concerned how to maintain a modicum of British and other European influences, against the overwhelming impact of Canada's great continental neighbour. The attempt to acquire and maintain a position which does not impair Canada's unique relations with the United States and yet enables her to remain a full and active member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and one of the most important of the democratic middle powers in the international field, has been the great and moving

eme of Canadian politics in recent years.

Industrial and commercial links, the constant move of large numbers of Canadians to the United States, the influence of the American press and films, the standardizing effect of advertising and other factors, make many parts, especially of eastern Canada, barely distinguishable from the United States. But the pattern of her political life is entirely different. When tension over Korea was at its highest, the contrast was particularly noticeable. Not only is the Canadian system of Government modelled on the British Cabinet system, but Canada has also inherited something of the placidity of British politics compared with the nervous restlessness of American political life. Even if full allowance is made for the fact that the United States has, within a few years, moved from relative isolation to the tremendous responsibilities of a world power, at a time of universal and relentless tension, the differences between American and Canadian politics still remain vital. Instead of the complicated balance between President and Congress, between the two Houses, and the highly organized lobby of pressure groups, Canada has the relatively simple British Party and Cabinet system, an Upper House of little significance, a public opinion which is seldom excited, and great stability of Government. Americans find Canadian politics sleepy and unexciting. To a Canadian, on the other hand, the tempo and character of American political life is hardly less strange than to an Englishman.

The desire to preserve a distinct Canadian policy has been particularly marked in international affairs. Time and again, especially under its present Foreign Minister, Mr. Lester Pearson, Canada has pursued policies different from, and sometimes in direct opposition to the United States. Over Korea, Canada has on the whole sided with Britain, in her desire to limit the conflict and not to bar the way to a possible recognition of Communist China. Canada has been a consistent supporter of every move to reach some kind of "live and let live" settlement with Russia or Communist China. She has never accepted the inevitability of a third world war. Yet the Canadian Government has been a firm supporter and one of the chief architects of the Atlantic Treaty. It is as a member of the Atlantic community rather than a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations that Canada now has a direct stake in the defence of western Europe and in the preservation of Britain, and, more often than is apparent on the surface, Canada has used her geographical and political position to act as a mediator between British and American policies. Americans easily get suspicious of the British but they regard Canadians as more of their own kind, speaking the same language, eating the same kind of food, reading the same magazines, and altogether living and thinking similarly.



The position of Canada is, however, further complicated by the more than 40 per cent. of French-speaking Canadians who are as far removed, in their political and cultural outlook, from the American as from the British. Indeed, they are a people entirely on their own. For while they preserve, with dogged obstinacy, their particular brand of French language and culture against a strict Catholic background, they are far removed from the outlook and habits of modern France. The experience of two wars, the anti-Communist alliance, and the eminence of many French Canadians in public life—the present Prime Minister as well as the Chief Justice of Canada, are French Canadians—have greatly reduced the danger of a political schism. Yet, Quebec remains a distinct and separate factor in Canadian life, blocking both any important increase in the powers of federal government, and any too far-reaching identification of Canada with either the United States or Britain.

More than ever, political influence is to-day determined by actual or potential military power. Canada's military unpreparedness in time of peace is a factor of some concern to the Americans as well as to the Atlantic community. Canada increased her share in the United Nation's action in Korea, by sending a full brigade. While she was training another brigade for European service General Eisenhower was reported to be pressing strongly for a much larger contribution. There is little prospect of peacetime conscription in Canada. French-Canadian opposition to it is traditional and the guiding theme of Canadian politics has been the avoidance of any situation which might sharpen the conflict between its British and French elements. It is too early to say how the slowly swelling stream of immigrants from Britain and Continental Europe will affect the picture. In 1951 Canada expects about 160,000 immigrants. As in the case of Australia, most of these will come from continental Europe. Dutch and Germans in particular will form large contingents. Whatever the eventual racial composition, this will counteract to some extent the discrepancy in the birthrate of French-speaking and English-speaking Canada.

There are thus a number of question marks for anybody who thinks about the future of Canada. The geographical proximity to the United States, and even more the growing economic links between the two countries, pull in one direction. Canada's membership of the British Commonwealth of Nations pulls in another. Her French-speaking population exercises a pull of yet another kind. More than ever, Canadians are asking themselves where their national future lies. What will it mean to be a Canadian? This question was simpler to answer as long as Britain was the overwhelming political and cultural influence. It would also be simple to answer for those who regard Canada's absorption by the United States as either



inevitable, or desirable, or both. But the vast majority of Canadians would prefer a third way. The most significant expression given to this feeling was the Massey Report, the work of a government-appointed committee of five distinguished Canadians, under the chairmanship of Mr. Vincent Massey. The assignment of the committee being to report on the position of cultural and educational facilities in Canada, the result was a document of historic importance. It gave a full and candid survey of Canada's achievements and deficiencies: in broadcasting and publishing; in university education and other educational institutions such as libraries and museums; in music and the theatre. But the Report did more, it was an eloquent and searching appeal to Canadians to develop their own heritage and to preserve their cultural individuality as a nation. It recognized that there have been important achievements: in the work of the universities; of the publicly-owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; in music-making, and in at least some of the public museums and libraries. But far greater than the sense of achievement was the sense of alarm, every page being instinct with apprehension at the growing predominance of American culture and ways of life. The average Canadian gets his information from American news agencies. He reads American rather than Canadian or English magazines. He sees American films and, except for the programmes of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, he mostly listens to American-sponsored programmes on the radio. American educational foundations assist Canadian scholars and educational schemes. Once television is developed in Canada, American influence will extend to this field also.

Politely but firmly, the Report says that such one-sided predominance is not good for Canada. It is emphatic and unanimous in its opinion that Canada should not become a cultural carbon-copy of the United States and deplores the overwhelming attraction which the United States exercises on Canadian university teachers and other graduates. It finds that commercial radio has displayed little if any interest in culture and education. The Report strongly advocates greater support and scope for the Government-owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and it urges the Federal Government to give far greater assistance to Canadian universities as well as to public libraries, concert halls, theatres, museums, the preservation of Canadian folklore and other cultural pursuits.

But the Report also recognized that all such measures will avail little unless the Canadian people in general wish to retain and develop a national identity of their own. Should they do so? Those who see the contemporary world in terms of power and bigness only would answer a contemptuous 'No'; they are the same people who can think of little but the struggle between United States and Russia

for supremacy. Such thinking is essentially strategic. Standardization, not only of production and defence but of thinking and feeling is essential to efficiency. Ultimately, such thinking leads to George Orwell's world of 1984. Nations and peoples will merge into a few super-States, which will become increasingly alike, though they may fight each other. And their governing cliques, of generals, scientists, engineers and politicians will increasingly pursue power for the sake of power.

There are enough people in the United States to deplore and apprehend such a development, who fear the curse of bigness and uniformity. As a symbol of political and military sovereign nationalism is an anachronism. It is indeed necessary that, for the sake of survival, nations should pool their military and economic and ultimately perhaps their political sovereignties. It is no longer essential that they should preserve the diversity of habits and temperaments, of history and patterns of life. Without it the present struggle for survival and power may become meaningless, whatever its apparent result. The greatness and vitality of the United States itself has been the product of a multitude of races and civilizations. To-day this healthy diversity is threatened by the standardization of city life, mass production, mass entertainment, regimentation of thought and of taste.

Canada, if she chooses, can do much to counter such deadly trends on the American continent. She combines, within her borders and under a single government, British and French civilizations, with all their differences of temperament, language, religion, law and art, and a substantial leavening of other European influences, German, Dutch, Ukrainian, Hungarian and others. As a member of the British Commonwealth, Canada is linked not only with Britain, but with its Asian members. As a party to the Atlantic Treaty, Canada is immediately concerned in the preservation of western Europe. As all the allies of the United States, the Canadians understand it better and are the least suspect. Yet Canada's British traditions of government, the relative tranquillity of her political life and her desire to remain an independent middle power, give her unique qualifications for bridging the political, economic and temperamental differences between the United States and Britain. There are great opportunities here. Whether they will be used, is still an open question.

*(Dr. Friedmann, who formerly occupied the Chair of Public Law at the University of Melbourne, is now Professor of Law at the University of Toronto.)*



## PERON AND VARGAS

BY GEORGE PENDLE

The history of the South American republics may be reduced to the biographies of their representative men.

Francisco García Calderón.

IN General Perón and Dr. Vargas, the republics of Argentina and Brazil have produced two statesmen who are not merely outstanding figures but who, also, are truly representative of the civilization of the Atlantic area of South America, as it exists to-day. Both men were born amidst the wide pasturelands of the Uruguay-Paraná river system, and they both still enjoy a return to the country, where they don the baggy cotton trousers traditionally worn by local horsemen. That, obviously, is the proper background for rulers of American nations, whose wealth is in the good earth and whose rural workers, though they be poor and (by present-day western standards) backward, provide the means for the urban populations to increase and prosper. General Perón and Dr. Vargas are representative Latin Americans in their outlook, which is optimistic and nationalistic; in their taste for demagogic methods of government; and in their general manner, which is human and engaging. They greatly differ in appearance. Juan D. Perón, aged 56, is tall, dark, handsome, and, as is customary with Argentines of his age, putting on weight. When younger, he was the champion swordsman in the army, and one of its best shots. Getúlio D. Vargas, aged 67, is short, plump, smiling and wears spectacles. As a youth in southern Brazil he entered the army, but abandoned it for law and politics. Together, these two men rule some 70 million people, and, so doing, they have adopted programmes and faced problems which are remarkably similar. They have both devised plans for transforming their under-developed, under-populated, under-educated countries into industrialized, self-sufficient nations; and they have both been compelled by internal and external circumstances to curtail those plans. At the present time Argentina and Brazil lack heavy industries and are deficient in the fuel that modern mechanization requires. They are therefore dependent on Europe and the U.S.A. for plant and for many vitally important manufactured articles and raw materials, all of which have to be paid for by exports of local produce. The progress of industrialization has been retarded in both countries by the difficulty experienced in obtaining those supplies because, first, of the Atlantic nations' rearmament drive and, secondly, of the in-

adequacy of the exportable surplus of the products of the Argentine and Brazilian soil. In both countries, people are still drifting from the rural districts into the towns, and the production of livestock and crops is not keeping pace with present-day requirements. Two examples will serve to illustrate the disequilibrium between town and country in this vast area of the American continent: Argentina, though it possesses enormous herds of cattle, has been unable to export the quantities that it undertook to ship to several foreign markets in the past year or so. And it is remarkable that this land of cattle produces insufficient milk to satisfy the demand of the population of Buenos Aires. Likewise Brazil, in whose north-eastern regions the world's supply of natural rubber originated, is not actually importing raw rubber for the needs of the local factories and although recently self-sufficient in automobile tyres, is again obliged to supplement the local output by purchasing tyres abroad.

Each statesman has learned something from the other. Dr. Vargas was the pioneer in creating a new South American brand of social and economic reform which owed much to Mussolini's corporate State and which Perón in 1945 began to adopt, adapt, and "legalize" in Argentina. The main point of similarity—and originality—in the policies of the two men, is that they have both relied chiefly on the support of the working class, instead of on that of the army and the upper middle-class oligarchy, which formerly constituted the foundation of political power in Latin America. Until the coming of Getúlio Vargas and Juan Perón, the working classes of Brazil and Argentina were generally neglected by their rulers. But the social reforms that have been introduced in both countries have so far benefited the organized urban workers rather than the scattered people who labour in the forests, the plains and the high mountains, and this is one of the principal defects alike of Getúlio Vargas' *Estado Novo* and Juan Perón's *Justicialismo*.

It is natural that the current social and economic movement should be developing on approximately parallel lines in Brazil and Argentina and that the results should differ from the European prototypes of Fascism and the welfare State. For generations, the Latin Americans have been accustomed to "paternal" governments. Therefore Dr. Vargas' undemocratic régime of 1930-1945 did not really shock the Brazilian masses, and General Perón's demagogic methods do not displease the majority of Argentines to-day. Times change, however, and General Perón has effectively demonstrated that a Latin American *caudillo* can, and now-a-days should, operate within the law. Dr. Vargas' refusal to allow elections in Brazil, at the end of the last war, was the cause of his temporary eclipse. His uncompromising paternalism clashed with the aims of the then newly victorious United Nations, which included Brazil in their number.



and he was obliged to retire to his ranch in the south. It is too early yet to know the shape that the new Vargas régime (which began in January 1951) will take ; but it is already evident that the ex-dictator has learned a lesson from his earlier error and from his pupil General Perón's subsequent example. On the first occasion, in 1930, Dr. Vargas seized power by force ; but in 1950 he conducted his electoral campaign in accordance with normal practices of democracy. In 1937, he decreed a new constitution of his own making ; but Juan Perón has since proved the wisdom of never breaking the law of the land : it is better to arrange for the law to be changed. When the Argentine president wishes to take unconstitutional action, he usually wastes his time, first assuring that Congress shall by legal methods alter the constitution according to his requirements. It is of course inevitable that Latin American constitutions shall constantly be altered to satisfy local, present day needs. None of these constitutions was a spontaneous Latin American growth. They were all created in imitation of United States and European models existing at the time of the attainment of independence by the Latin American peoples a hundred or so years ago, and they have rarely been respected by the local populations, who have preferred to give their allegiance to colourful—and, in most cases, unconstitutionally-minded—*caudillos*. The *caudillo* is applauded, not for his democratic principles (which, normally, are lacking), but for his human qualities, his personal prowess and charm. It is required, first of all, that he shall be virile and *simpático*. But Latin Americans are convinced that it is their destiny to be in the vanguard of civilization, so now-a-days they expect to be granted the opportunity of demonstrating to the world that they are not backward in their observance of democratic etiquette. Democracy, therefore, is gradually becoming a reality in Latin America, though Europeans and North Americans often fail to recognize it in its unorthodox Latin American form.

There are, of course, points of dissimilarity in the conditions prevailing in Argentina and Brazil. One of General Perón's advantages, is that his people live in a land where the climate is mainly temperate. They are not faced with the heart-breaking Brazilian problem of rendering a vast tropical jungle habitable by whites and *mestizos* before its natural wealth can be exploited. The Argentines are usually able to work somewhat harder than the easy-going Brazilians, many of whom still believe that the ideal life is "to gather the fruit without planting the tree." General Perón, moreover, has had the backing of a much larger parliamentary majority than Dr. Vargas, and the support of a much more powerful militant political party, which, until quite recently, was in appearance a united body, in spite of its great size. The Argentine president is also blessed (though it is a mixed blessing) with the enthusiastic and

able assistance of a popular consort. Dr. Vargas, on the other hand, can count on receiving much greater financial and technical aid from Washington in exchange for past and future favours. Although Brazil is becoming increasingly nationalistic in temper, no one imagines that the courteous Brazilians are seeking continental hegemony for themselves—a suspicion which has sometimes existed in regard to the more extreme and arrogant Argentine nationalists. Moreover, from the United States point of view Brazil, because of its proximity to the Panama Canal and the west coast of Africa, is of much greater strategic importance than Argentina, and Brazilian raw materials (such as manganese) are particularly valuable in a time of rearmament.

In one significant respect, however, General Perón has benefited from Washington's antagonism : it has stimulated Argentine anti-Americanism, on which he thrives. His contention that foreign "imperialists" are plotting to overthrow his régime is far from meaningless to most of his compatriots, no matter how ridiculous it may seem to North American and British newspaper readers. Many Argentines, indeed, consider that the president's violent treatment of supposedly U.S.-sponsored radicals, socialists, and military insurgents is not only justifiable, but necessary—the notorious events of the last electoral period being fresh in everyone's memory. At that time (1945) the American ambassador at Buenos Aires, Mr. Spruille Braden, delivered a number of public addresses in that city denouncing dictatorships. He avoided openly attacking the Argentine Government (whose most powerful member was Colonel Perón, though he was not yet president) ; but no one misunderstood the ambassador's intention, which was to emphasize that the U.S.A. disliked the Colonel and his friends and would be pleased if they were displaced. The *Peronistas* made good use of Mr. Braden's indiscretions. Anti-Braden circulars and posters were widely distributed and exhibited, and the forthcoming elections were represented as being in reality a personal contest between Juan D. Perón and Uncle Sam's ambassador. In February 1946, just a few days before the elections, the State Department at Washington issued a blue book, in which certain Argentine citizens were charged with having collaborated with Nazi Germany during the war. In this publication, the outstanding presidential candidate of the day, Juan Perón, was prominently mentioned as having been a collaborationist. This information, derived from the captured papers of the German Foreign Office, was known to have been in the possession of the U.S. Government for some time. Its release on the eve of the Argentine elections was recognized as being a deliberate attempt by Washington to discredit Colonel Perón and ensure his defeat at the polls. The *Peronistas'* riposte was simple and effective : they plastered the wall



Buenos Aires with the slogan : " Perón or Braden ". In the February 1946 elections Juan Perón was democratically elected to the presidency and, thereby, in the Argentine view, Mr. Braden was decisively defeated. During the recent electoral campaign President Perón has lost no opportunity of reminding the Argentine people that less than six years ago a North American ambassador and the State Department did everything in their power to secure the rejection of the country's most popular candidate.

It is inflation, however, rather than foreign " imperialism ", that constitutes the most serious immediate threat to *Peronismo*, for the rising cost of living has caused a decline in the workers' gratitude for the benefits accorded to them under the Perón régime. It was doubtless the knowledge of the growth of working-class dissatisfaction that encouraged a group of military officers to attempt the September *coup d'état*. It is in the tradition of the Argentine army, which has a high regard for the national honour and dignity, periodically to enter the Casa Rosada and eject a president who has been too long in power ; but such methods seem out-of-date in a republic wherein the democratically-elected (though demagogically-minded) president has always professed a high regard for legality. Nevertheless, the crushing of this revolt has neither cured the inflationary disease, nor eliminated current discontent.

Meanwhile in Brazil Dr. Vargas, also, is plagued by inflation, which has compelled him to postpone some of the much-advertised schemes for economic and social development. No one yet knows whether the new Vargas régime, faced by such a grave problem, will require authoritarian powers. A few months ago a speech by the president did contain an ominous threat. On that occasion the k-dictator not only criticized the Brazilian profiteers whose speculations have certainly contributed to the fabulous rise in the cost of living : he also warned them of " the day when the people will take the law into their own hands. " More recently, however, Dr. Vargas' pronouncements have displayed a moderation which has been conspicuously lacking in the utterances of the Argentine president, and it is probable that the time will come when General Perón will be obliged to learn a useful lesson from the Brazilian's example in this respect, just as previously he learned from Dr. Vargas that in modern South America the good will of the working-class was the surest foundation for a *caudillo's* ambitions. Of course, Dr. Vargas is an older man, and a statesman of much longer experience, than his Argentine opposite number. His new Government does not consist entirely of *Vargistas*, as it might have done, but contains talented men from rival parties. In spite of his habit of appealing directly to the masses in his public speeches, so far during this second term in office he has given no indication that he really intends to override

the authority of Congress. At the present time, therefore, the course followed by these two South American statesmen are tending to diverge in one particular : whereas Dr. Vargas, safely in power, behaving with unwonted restraint, General Perón, coming to the end of a period of power, is growing increasingly aggressive, under the pressure of adverse circumstances. If he can again convince the public that his opponents have the backing of foreign " imperialists " and if he can prove that the mass of the working-class are behind him in his position—either as a re-elected president, or (after the Nicaraguan model) as the strong man behind a puppet president—should be secure for a long time to come. If he is wise, he will then emulate Dr. Vargas' moderation.

There is one other important similarity in the attitude and method of the two men. Although both are essentially South American personalities, they are both very " modern ". They believe in mechanization, industrialization, propaganda to the masses, social security, motor-roads, air-lines, and so on. And both of them have known how to borrow the latest foreign ideas of government—totalitarian or democratic, capitalist or socialist, according to the immediate needs. It was General Perón—but it might just as well have been Dr. Vargas—who remarked in a recent address to Congress : " We collected all the good ideas that we found on our road to the Government House." He says that he does not want monetary reserves (and Dr. Vargas, with certain qualifications, would agree) but equipment, machines and essential raw materials ; hydro-electric plant, diesel engines, tractors, harvesters, aeroplanes, transatlantic ships, television, fuel, atomic energy, chemicals. He is moreover, " modern " even in some of the more superficial implications of that term. Married to a radio actress of considerable glamour, he realizes the enormous prestige enjoyed by stars and sporting aces to-day. He bestows his personal patronage on local sporting heroes—boxers, motor-car racers, swimmers and footballers—and thus shares in their vast popularity. Nor is Argentina a negligible competitor in international sport at the present time.

It is evident that something momentous is now occurring in Argentina and Brazil ; the immense fertility of those great countries, their local qualities and traditions, and the latest theories, techniques and conceits of Europe and the U.S.A. are all being stirred (so to say) in a melting-pot, whose final product will surely be a distinctive South American civilization. We can only guess, how long the process will take. Long ago, Montaigne ventured a prophecy. He wrote : " This late-world shall but come to light when ours shall fall into darkness."

*(For many years a writer and broadcaster on Latin American affairs the author is a regular visitor to Argentina and Brazil.)*



## THE FINNISH TIGHTROPE

BY WENDY HALL

● EVEN years ago Finland made an armistice with Russia, which brought her two wars to an end. Ever since, the Finns have been balancing on a political tightrope. On the one side there is Communist Russia, on the other Finnish Communism. Viewed from the outside, the tightrope looks desperately narrow and flimsy; but once you are in Finland, you discover that it is pliant and firmly anchored at each end, and that those who walk on it do so with remarkable ease and cheerfulness, and with a certain amount of surprise that anyone should fear lest they fall.

A certain amount of feline agility is needed by a country which has determined to keep its own Communists at bay as it is to maintain correct relations with Russia. In spite of the Communist gains in the elections held in July this year, Finland is succeeding, as no other country on Russia's European borders has managed to do, in maintaining her democratic institutions intact and pursuing a good neighbour policy towards the Soviet Union.

But Russia can, and does, exert pressure at three points: internally, through the Finnish Communist Party by way of the Cominform; externally, by a limitation of Finland's freedom of action in foreign politics; and in the economic sphere, by making Finland to some extent dependent on her trade with the east.

To assess the strength of Communist pressure it is necessary to survey the party's fortunes and misfortunes since the war ended. In the immediate post-war elections, held early in 1945, the Communist party secured 49 seats in the single-Chamber Parliament of 200 members. A Communist Prime Minister headed the "Red-Green Bloc" formed by his party, the Social Democrats and the Agrarians. The next elections were held in the summer of 1948, a few months after the Czechoslovak coup. The Communists had already made themselves unpopular, and events in Czechoslovakia reminded the Finns that they needed a longer spoon than they had previously thought if they were to continue to sup with the devil. The Communists lost 11 seats and were forced into opposition. Since then, Finland has had a Social Democrat minority government led by Mr. K. A. Fagerholm, an Agrarian Government headed by Mr. J. Kekkonen, and finally a Social Democrat-Agrarian coalition in

which Mr. Kekkonen retained the premiership.

When, in July this year, the time for triennial elections came round again, the Communists were able to retrieve almost half their previous losses, at the price of only a thousand more votes while all the other parties except the newly-formed Liberals lost between one and five seats each, the losses of the Right being rather heavier than those on the Left. The Social Democrats headed the poll with 53 seats, followed by the Agrarians with 51, the Communists with 43, the Conservatives with 27, the Swedish Party with 15, and the Liberals with ten.

What were the circumstances which led to this increase in Communist strength? While one can list a number of reasons for the leftward shift, one must place fairly high on the list the general deterioration in the internal political and economic situation which set in after Mr. Kekkonen took over the Government in March last year. Mr. Fagerholm's Government had done well. It had disbanded the secret police set up by its Communist predecessors, and the Social Democrat party had initiated an active anti-Communist campaign in the trades unions and the factories. Partly due to its own efforts, and partly due to an improvement which would have come about in any case, it had provided ample supplies of food and consumer goods. Because of the allegiance it commanded among the workers it had been able to enforce a wage freeze and keep prices stable. According to normal constitutional procedure, Mr. Fagerholm tendered his resignation after the 1950 Presidential elections, in which Mr. Paasikivi was re-elected for a further term of six years. The premiership passed to Urho Kekkonen, leader of the Agrarian party. Mr. Kekkonen is not a popular figure in Finland. His career has been opportunist and meteoric, and he has graduated from the extreme Right to a point in the centre from which he has flirted even with the Communists when it has suited his purpose. Even in his own party he finds many detractors. His farming associations are vague, and he is frequently at pains to be rid of the discourtesy title of "asphalt Agrarian" generally bestowed on him. But he is undoubtedly clever and in many ways far-seeing. He also has the useful distinction of being one of the few political leaders in Finland who are viewed with any degree of favour in Moscow.

His first nine months as Prime Minister were unsuccessful. The time was ripe for a small economic upheaval. Demands for increased wages could no longer be refused, and once the Social Democrats were out of the Government their policy changed. Their hold on the unions—of which they controlled only 60 per cent., while the rest was Communist-dominated—was not sufficiently secure for them to advise further restraint. They feared that, unless increases were given, they would lose their members to the more irresponsible Communists.



tion. Equally, they claimed, general price levels of Finnish export goods warranted a revision of wage scales. So wages went up and there began a period of acute inflation which was only stemmed and then temporarily—by an economic truce dating from May this year. The inflationary curve in Finland is steeper than almost anywhere in the world, and so infinitely more difficult to arrest. Mr. Kekkonen's Agrarian Government—at heart concerned only with the fortunes of the agricultural population—was unable to deal with the situation. It became clear that political stability was to be bought only through a coalition with the Social Democrat party which, in January this year, agreed to serve with the Agrarians. However, stern measures are necessary, and no-one was willing to take them in pre-election months. So the elections took place in an atmosphere of dissatisfaction and economic instability which undoubtedly played into the hands of the Communists, and gave additional points to their onslaught on the cost of living—even if the previous Government was extravagantly accused of pursuing a policy of starvation”.

The Communist party played a second card which probably also had some success. It accused the Government of preparing Finland for war, under the direction of the legations of the western powers in Helsinki ; it continually harped on the fact that one of the Social Democrat leaders, Mr. Skog, was Minister of Defence, and so was betraying the workers ” ; it even alleged that 200 Finns, recruited by the Social Democrat Party, were fighting with the South Koreans. These claims are so ridiculous that few responsible people would believe them. Even the party leader Hertta Kuusinen, when asked by the present writer to give more precise evidence of the Government's so-called warmongering activities, said : “ Well, they are not important really—only psychological.”

Nevertheless, the fear of war—or, rather, the realization of the consequences for Finland of a third world war— is deeply rooted. Neutrality under the Russian aegis has had one negative advantage—it has imposed no obligation to take sides openly in any of the post-war issues. From this armchair position, though, the Finns also know that their independence could not survive a third war. A diminished sense of urgency in the parties of the Right may also have helped the Communists. If inflation is rampant, if the cost of living is astronomical, Finland is nevertheless very prosperous on the surface. The paper and woodworking industries are commanding superlative export prices, and enabling the country to make heavy import purchases. There is thus an air of plenty which contrasts sharply with the difficulties of past years, and which may have dulled many people into semi-apathy. At all events, the total toll dropped from 78 per cent. in 1948 to 70 per cent. in 1951, and

only the Communists and the Liberals recorded more votes than those of three years ago. Also, inflationary tendencies are stimulating large personal spending, particularly on travel, and it was estimated that at the time of the elections 30,000 Finns—a high figure in a total voting population of less than two-and-a-half millions—were out of the country. It can safely be reckoned that very, very few of these were Communists.

All this adds up to the fact that the Communists have not strengthened their position sufficiently to demand representation in the Government, and that their claims were considered serious enough for the formation of that Government to be postponed until September. This was an exceptional measure. Normally a new Government would have been formed immediately after the election. Instead the previous administration carried on over the summer months, thus allowing some time for reflection on the situation before Mr. Kekkonen set about forming a new Government.

Normally, too, it might have been expected that the Social Democrats, as the strongest party, would have been asked to form a government. Here the problem is to some extent one of personalities. Mr. Fagerholm, as the most intransigent opponent of Communism in Finland, is bitterly disliked in Moscow, while Mr. Kekkonen seems *persona grata* with the Kremlin. The Finns are sufficiently realistic to know that such a figure is worth sacrifices in other directions. And Mr. Fagerholm, for his part, is sufficiently realistic to know—along with politicians of all parties—that stable government in Finland can be assured only by co-operation between the Agrarians representing the predominating agricultural interests, and the Social Democrats, representing the workers. At the same time, he has categorically refused to participate in any coalition which includes the Communists.

Hence Mr. Kekkonen has formed a Government on lines similar to his previous one. In it the Agrarians and the Social Democratic parties have seven Ministers each, and the Swedish party two. The most notable change is the appointment of a non-party Liberal, Mr. Sakari Tuomioja, as Foreign Minister. Mr. Tuomioja, the Governor of the Bank of Finland, was Minister of Trade and Industry in the previous Government, and his appointment may reflect the importance which foreign trade at present assumes in Finnish external affairs.

The new Government faces an early test in the application of its fresh stabilization plan to combat inflation. A firm policy is essential to prevent further dislocation playing into the hands of the Communists. There are only two encouraging factors: Finland's foreign trade position is at present excellent; and on the labour front, Communist power was considerably reduced in the four-year



lections to the central council of the Finnish T.U.C., held last April. And as long as the other political parties remain aware—as they certainly are at the moment—that the battle against Communism which unites them is far more important than the economic issues which divide them, it can be said with certainty that Finland, unlike the satellites, will never be taken from within. Capture from within has been proved to be the method preferred by Moscow. Capture from without would be a costly business in the case of Finland, and at present, at all events, the Soviet Union seems in no mind to embark on any adventures on her north-western frontier. The situation, from Russia's point of view, is reasonably satisfactory. She has got valuable territorial concessions from Finland: the ice-free Arctic port of Petsamo, and the naval and military base at Porkkala Udd, opposite Tallinn, from which the approaches to Leningrad and Kronstadt could easily be sealed off. For the last seven years, the Finns have behaved with consistent correctness towards Russia, and the Russians have maintained a gentle political pressure, just, as it were, to remind them that they must not allow their sympathies with the west to divert too much of their attention.

During the last year, this pressure has concerned the Åland Islands, which have been part of Finland since the Middle Ages. They are, however, inhabited by a Swedish-speaking population which, after Finland became independent in 1917, demanded incorporation with Sweden. The question was referred to the League of Nations, whose commission ruled that they should remain Finnish, though with a certain degree of provincial autonomy guaranteed by the right to appeal to the League should Finland fail to respect it. A convention signed by all the Baltic powers except Russia, and by Britain, France and Italy provided for the demilitarization of the Ålands and for their neutrality in the event of war.

The provisions of the convention were re-affirmed in the Peace Treaty. But a year ago the Russian Minister in Finland pointed out to the Finnish Foreign Minister that the international guarantees constituted an infringement of Finnish sovereignty; that in any case the League of Nations had ceased to exist; and that the situation of the Ålands was a question of interest only to Finland and Russia.

The Swedes, separated from the Ålands by less than 50 miles, took quite another view. Their Government announced firmly that any change in the situation concerned all the powers who had signed the convention. The Finns temporarily got the best of both worlds by agreeing in principle to the removal of the international guarantees, but by postponing the Parliamentary debate on the subject indefinitely. The matter was brought up in the Diet just before the elections, but no decision was reached. But the fact that even the

intransigent Mr. Fagerholm wishes to see the guarantees removed in return for which the Aalands will receive other advantages, is a measure of Finnish willingness to make certain concessions to Russia in the international sphere. The Russian move is also a measure of Soviet determination to keep Finland clear of any formal entanglements with the west.

Each side is proceeding with a certain caution and on a *tacitum quid pro quo* basis which underlines the realist strain in Russian politics. The Finns applied for membership of the United Nations; the Russians vetoed their application, but raised no objections to their taking part in the work of several of the specialized agencies. The Finns would have wished, for many reasons, to participate in the Marshall Plan, but they were wiser than to attempt it. The Russians then reduced considerably the total amount of reparations they had previously demanded, and it is thought in Finnish political circles that this was a form of compensation for the loss of American aid.

It may even be that it is in the economic sphere that the Russians hope eventually to wield the strongest influence over Finland. The reparations programme obliged the Finns to build up heavy metal, shipbuilding and electrical industries which had never existed before, and which were fundamentally unsuited to the country's economy. In September next year the reparations will be paid off—but the metal industries will still exist. For many years their future has concerned Finnish economists. They cannot compete with the larger British and German industries. Buyers could be sought only in the east. Russia—surprisingly to many Finns—proved a relatively willing customer. Last year a trade agreement covering the period 1951-1955 was signed, by which Russia will continue to take, in the form of exports, approximately the same goods and amounts as she has been taking in reparations. The immediate problem of the metal industries is thus solved; the problem left unsolved is how much the Russians will pay. The basis "world market prices" is quoted in the agreement, and this, the Finns are aware, may mean anything. It may even mean that the metal industries will function at a loss.

Great Britain has been for years Finland's largest single customer. The full operation of the Russian trade treaty will mean that the Soviet Union will occupy a place comparable with that of Britain in Finnish export trade. Finnish trade with the west as a whole, however, will continue to outbalance her trade with the east. The Finnish Communist party, no doubt under Moscow's guidance, is pressing for an increase of trade with the east at the expense of the west. "Why", asks their leader, "should we sell our valuable wood products to Britain when we cannot get British coal? Why should we buy grain from the Argentine when we could just as well



it from Russia ? ”

But Finland sets enormous store by her trade relations with the West. She would probably be willing to accept economic disadvantages, if necessary, in order to retain the political advantages which Western trade gives her. (At present, there is no question of economic disadvantage. The American appetite for newsprint and the American ability to pay high prices for it, are even greater than the Finnish appetite for dollars.)

An interesting sidelight to the Russian aim of integrating Finland more closely in the eastern European economy is the fact that Communism in Finland profits thereby. Under the Potsdam agreements German assets in Finland were handed over to the Soviet Union, and negotiated by trading organizations financed by international Communist capital. These same organizations handle all trade between Finland and Russia and eastern Europe. A percentage of their profits goes automatically to the Finnish Communist party. It is true that other political parties in Finland get substantial funds from business firms ; but in no case is the contribution so automatic and assured as in the case of the Communist party.

The overall picture of a slight increase in Communist power within ; of a constant, if gentle, pressure on external politics from the Russian side, and of increasing economic ties with Russia and the East is, on the surface, scarcely encouraging. But against it can be set one overwhelming fact which enables the onlooker to lay long odds on Finland's continued internal independence : a fearless and open-eyed determination to retain that independence, and a burning and realistic love of freedom which makes it the last thing the Finns would sacrifice.

One has only to compare Czechoslovakia and Finland to realize how far this determination has carried the small Arctic nation. Czechoslovakia ended the war as a victorious ally of Russia, and is now an imprisoned satellite. Finland was twice defeated in war by Russia, and is to-day the only country on Russia's borders which can hold free and secret elections. She is also the only country in the world which has rid herself, as she did in the 1948 elections, of a Communist Prime Minister and a Communist-dominated Government, by the old-fashioned democratic method of voting it out of office.

In spite of concessions and vicissitudes, the Finns can be proud of their record of the last seven years. Their geographical position allows them no hope of ever being able to walk anywhere but on a political tightrope. But in this art they are becoming all the time more skilled.

*The author has recently returned from another stay in Finland.)*

## SWISS GUNS AND BUTTER

BY PAUL EINZIG

MACHIAVELLI, writing in A.D. 1513, observed in *Il Principe*: "The Swiss would not at this moment be so free but for the consciousness of being so well armed." What was true four and a half centuries ago holds good to-day. And it is equally true that, in the twentieth century as in the sixteenth, Switzerland succeeded in achieving a high degree of security through being well armed, without sacrificing her relatively high standard of living. Early travellers' accounts contain much evidence about the remarkable degree of prosperity that then prevailed. Recent visitors to Swiss holiday resorts—including the writer of these lines—have been struck by a visible evidence of a high and rising standard of living that carried more conviction than any amount of statistics.

During the summer and early autumn there was feverish military activity in towns and villages, troop movements on busy railway stations and remote mountain roads. From time to time lively artillery fire was audible near the scenes of the military manoeuvres, and the air above the peaks and glaciers was buzzing with the noise of warplanes flying in formations. While listening to the gunfire, the tourist was helping himself to unrationed rich Alpine butter. Evidently, Switzerland can combine guns with butter in a concrete as well as a symbolic sense.

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According to information published in reference books, the mobilization strength of the Swiss armed forces is 720,000. For a small country with a population of 4,500,000 this is impressive enough. But what matters is that this impressive force consists of trained up to date and well equipped men who can be organized into military units in a matter of hours in case of emergency. This is the result of the operation of the system of national militia which ensures that the able-bodied male population receives adequate military training and is not allowed to forget what it has learnt. The initial period of training is 118 days (for certain categories more). This may appear on the short side, but there is subsequent training, 20 days per annum for those between 20 and 36 years of age, and another



days altogether during the following 12 years. From 48 to 60 the men must hold themselves in readiness for auxiliary and non-combatant duties.

Swiss citizens have to sacrifice much of their time for military training, not only in early youth but in later years after settling down to their respective professions or occupations. It is a sacrifice not only to the individuals concerned but also to the country as a whole, for a large proportion of its man power is employed for unproductive purposes. Nor is this all. The provision of the soldiers with equipment—whether home-produced or imported—diverts additional manpower from producing for civilian requirements. The result is, however, that the Swiss people have achieved a higher degree of security against sudden aggression than any other nation this side of the Iron Curtain.

During the 1939-1945 war Switzerland maintained a mobilized army of sufficient strength to convince Nazi Germany that her conquest would be more trouble than it would be worth. So far from dismantling the fortifications and shelters erected during the war, she spared no effort and cost to maintain them in good condition and reinforce them. She certainly could not be taken by surprise by Russian invasion, being able to make the best use of her unique natural defences, thanks to the availability of trained divisions immediately on the outbreak of the war. The sacrifices that her citizens have made in the cause of achieving that degree of security have surely been worth while.

But sacrifices were made only in a relative sense. It would have been well worth while for the Swiss nation to put up with a setback of its standard of living, to forgo freedom from want for the sake of freedom from fear. In fact the standard of living has not only been maintained but materially raised since the war, and it is to-day appreciably above pre-war. In the quantity and quality of goods in mountain village shops which do not cater for the tourist but solely for the villagers—the poorest section of the Swiss population—there is little trace of the shoddiness that characterizes the goods displayed in shops in British mining villages or slums. Some of the lines kept are remarkably high-class, without being too expensive. And even though many prices compare unfavourably with those of the corresponding British goods, the fact that the high-priced commodities are stored in large quantities shows that the villagers can afford to buy them.

A very large proportion of the houses has been built since the war, and in every small village many new ones are being erected. Remote hamlets are being linked with the main arteries of traffic by new expensive motor roads. Various other public works are in course of execution. The fertility of mountain meadows is increased with

the aid of newly constructed irrigation systems carrying the water from the glaciers to distant villages, ensuring full use for every drop of it. The utilization of the country's immense hydro-electric power is making progress. Evidently capital investment is proceeding at a reasonable rate ; it does not have to be curtailed for the sake of meeting defence requirements and the demand for consumer goods.

Beyond doubt Switzerland compares favourably with any of the European countries in her standard of living. She is progressing in spite of the expenditure of money, materials and manpower on national defence. Other western European countries jeopardized their national security after the war by allowing their defences to decline, for the sake of satisfying popular demand for lower taxation, more consumer goods and better social services. Even the United States achieved her unprecedented post-war prosperity largely through neglecting—with the exception of the atomic weapons—her defence measures. On the other hand, countries such as Spain, Yugoslavia and Greece have endeavoured to maintain their fighting strength at the cost of accepting a very low standard of living.

Switzerland alone among all countries has been able to acquire both guns and butter. What is even more remarkable, she has been able to achieve this result with the minimum degree of inflation. A country which is trying to do too much at the same time, by raising its standard of living while spending much also in arms and capital equipment usually pays the price of its ambition in the form of rising prices. Admittedly there is a certain amount of inflation in Switzerland. The trend is world-wide and no country can isolate itself from it without drastic deflation, causing economic depression and all-round misery. But Swiss prices have been kept down to a remarkable degree, especially if we remember that there are no food subsidies in Switzerland. It is true, many foreign visitors motoring through the country find it very expensive. But those who know where to stay, where to feed and where to shop find Switzerland a remarkably cheap country, allowing for the high quality of the goods and services received.

It is an often-repeated argument that the reason why Switzerland has been able to maintain a high standard of living in spite of maintaining strong national defences is that she has been neutral in the two wars. She suffered no devastation, and during the 1939-1945 war the cost of her military preparations to safeguard her neutrality was small compared with the cost of fighting Germany, reconstructing war damage, and, in the case of liberated countries, making good the losses caused by German occupation. On the other hand, Switzerland did not of course receive large-scale assistance in the form of grants and loans after the war. In any case reconstruction in the former belligerent countries was more or less completed years ago, and

the full productive capacity of the nations concerned became available for current requirements, civil or military. Countries other than Switzerland could have afforded to strengthen their defences. Yet they preferred to feed well instead of securing the peace of mind derived from the consciousness of being well armed for defensive purposes.

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The secret of Switzerland's success in combining guns with butter lies mainly in hard work and good administration. The Swiss people are not only prepared to die for their freedom if necessary, but also to work hard for it even when the danger does not appear to be imminent—which requires a higher degree of intelligent patriotism. They are puzzled by the contrast between the self-sacrificing attitude of the British people in 1940 and the popular appeal of the anti-armament campaign in 1951. They accept willingly the sacrifices imposed on them by the requirements of national defence, and make good for lost time by working even harder. They are willing to forgo the extra butter they could derive from their intensified work if they are to neglect their defences to the same extent as other democratic countries have done.

Wherever one looks in Switzerland one gathers the impression of hard and well-organized work. There everyone appears to believe in giving a full day's work for a full day's pay. Building operations, for example, proceed in rain as in fine weather, from sunrise to sunset. Those of us who are used to the sight of the supreme slow-motion picture of British building cannot help being impressed by the way the construction of Swiss houses is progressing from one day to the next. The whole spirit of the Swiss working classes is utterly different from what one encounters in France and further west. The feeling that they are their employers' equals is so deeply ingrained in their minds that they do not feel the need for asserting it by truculence and bad service. Swiss hotel employees listen incredulously to accounts of the details of our Catering Wages Act. They are not desirous of being "feather-bedded" in such a way. In smaller hotels waiters and waitresses think nothing of doing other housework between meals. In mountain resorts hotel employees spend their spare time in agricultural labour.

Nor are Swiss owners of property content to rest on their laurels. They are busily engaged, with or without the aid of hired labour, in improving their houses or fields. It is true, they are not prevented from doing so by a licensing system, nor are they discouraged by a development charge. Switzerland is a property-owning democracy, and such handicaps on improvements would not be tolerated.

It is this willingness to work hard that has enabled Switzerland to conciliate a high standard of living with a high degree of military



preparedness. No doubt there are flaws in the latter, and the former is in many respects far from ideal. While the trained men are available at a moment's notice, the volume of "heavy" equipment—warplanes, tanks, and so on—is far from adequate. Hence the decision adopted by the Federal Government last year to increase arms expenditure, following the example of other democratic countries. More guns are needed, but their acquisition need not necessarily reduce the amount of butter available. And if sacrifices have to be made after all, they will be made willingly by the Swiss people. No politician in Switzerland could gain popularity by asserting that the nation, or substantial sections of the nation, would refuse to defend its freedom unless its higher post-war standard of living is maintained intact.

*(Dr. Einzig is the author of many economic works ; he has recently returned from Switzerland.)*

# UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION

BY DOUGLAS VEALE

UNIVERSITIES differ from other big institutions, whether governmental or business, because of the kind of work they do. In a university, what men struggle for is not power over other people (attained either by amassing money with which to buy their services or political authority with which to command them) but opportunities for their colleagues, their pupils and themselves to amass or advance knowledge. Thus they are organisms in which the individual members are more important than the body. This is what gives university administration its distinctive character. The administrative authority is not the director of the business, and it does not prescribe how the various parts shall contribute to a common purpose. The university administrator, therefore, is, or at any rate ought to be, the servant and not the master of the constituent parts of the university; he is "the insignificant implement of necessary services." In public administration the lack of trained administrators during the nineteenth century, when government began to interfere in earnest with the life of the individual citizen, had disastrous consequences, but in the universities the exact reverse happened.

During a great part of the nineteenth century, Oxford and Cambridge, after the considerable reforms at the turn of the century, were as static as society at large had been during the previous century. They were occupied with a limited range of traditional studies in which by well-established methods conscientious and able teachers brought their pupils, themselves the pick of the upper and middle classes, to a high standard of knowledge. Administration was then a part-time job for an academic amateur. All he had to do was to see that the simple business of the university was done in an orderly way and with scrupulous accuracy. How simple the business was may be illustrated by the fact that thirty years ago there was still living in Oxford an old lady who, as a girl, had helped her uncle, then vice-chancellor, to keep the university accounts. At the beginning of the twentieth century, science forced its way into Oxford and Cambridge with the same sort of disruptive effect as the industrial revolution had wrought in the world at large, and once more the administrative authorities, but this time with the happiest results, were outrun by change. By the time Oxford and Cambridge realized

that administrators trained for the job were needed, the scholars were already in control. Bureaucracy never had a chance because, before it became efficient, the healthy tradition that a university must be a self-governing community in the sense which will be described later in this article was firmly established.

But another lucky accident was needed to remove all risk of bureaucracy taking control. Before the 1914-1918 war Oxford and Cambridge were not only self-governing but also self-sufficient. As long as studies were almost entirely literary, the material equipment needed was cheap, and salaries were not in competition with those of more highly paid professions. Even when science created a demand for expensive laboratories, private benefactors and the resources built up by thrifty management proved to be equal to the occasion. But the war both stimulated scientific development and, by what then seemed crippling taxation, restricted the flow of private benevolence. In spite of some opposition within the universities, the need for government grants was recognized. A Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge was appointed and, in accordance with its recommendations, the first regular recurrent government grants were paid to those universities in 1922-1923 ; £30,000 to Oxford and £38,500 to Cambridge. Had this happened before the war, some measure of government control would almost certainly have been imposed ; and that could only have been done through the agency of a local bureaucracy, with consequences to Oxford and Cambridge about which it would now be idle to speculate. But in 1922 Parliament and public opinion were troubled by the extent to which the independence of local authorities was threatened by the receipt of a large part of local revenues, earmarked for special services, from the central government. Already the idea was in the air that this might be avoided by substituting block grants towards the total expenditure of each local authority, paid without conditions (except that the local authority must be up to the average of efficiency), for percentage grants for special services. And so it was settled without public controversy that the grant to each university should be an annual sum fixed for five years at a time in aid of the general expenditure of the university. These grants are administered by the University Grants Committee, a body with an academic chairman and members, which advises the Government how much money altogether is needed to maintain the efficiency of the universities and to pay for their necessary growth, and then divides this sum in fair proportions among the universities.

By 1930, then (to take an arbitrary date), the position was that Oxford and Cambridge were enjoying revenues which were sufficient for their needs partly from endowments, partly from fees, partly from



ivate benefactions (which even now are notable in amount), and partly from government block grants : above all they were self-governing communities controlled by scholars who were served by permanent officials whom it would not be becoming for the present writer to describe as efficient.

If scholars are both to control administration and to remain scholars the burden of their administrative work must be spread over many shoulders. Luckily university work is by nature specialized and so lends itself to sub-division. Experts can fairly easily be found in each sub-division who for the sake of their own convenience, if from no higher motive, will spare time for its administration. And since they really are experts, many of them of international renown, no permanent official can possibly hope to know as much as they do about the problems they discuss. His function is executive—to do what his academic masters tell him to do. At Oxford there are more than eighty such sub-divisions, to each of which is delegated almost complete control of the unit it administers. These units vary in size (though their academic importance cannot be measured by their size) from the Bodleian Library, of which the curators get a total income from the university of about £90,000, to the Committee for Classical Archaeology, which gets a total income of about £100. The curators of the Bodleian, having secured the income of the library, appoint their own staff and within the limits laid down by university statute (the Bodleian statute occupies 12 pages in a volume of 502 pages of “statutes” and 275 of “decrees”, from which it is obvious that the statute must be in very general terms) manage the library as if it belonged to them. Only if they wish to enter into a contract or secure an amendment of the statute need they get the sanction of any higher authority. They can, of course, be questioned officially and publicly criticized by their fellow scholars, which, in their case, means practically all the university. At the other end of the scale, the Committee for Classical Archaeology is so highly specialized that it really consists of everyone in the university who is specially interested in the subject and is therefore less exposed to criticism, though perhaps more liable to internal stresses than the curators.

Although in Oxford the intention of those who framed or adapted the present constitution was to ensure by the sub-division of business in the manner just described that the university should be controlled by scholars, whose views were to prevail over those both of the professional administrator and of the lay administration addict, in a body of the size of the university there must be some central authority intermediate between the sub-divisions and the whole body, to exercise general supervision. It would be easy in the absence of safeguards for this central authority to develop an appetite for power.

Constitution-makers have usually adopted one of two kinds of safeguards, against any such risk. Either they weaken the intermediate central authority by splitting it into mutually antagonistic sections, for instance by giving an independent body the power to refuse money for what the policy-making body wishes to do, or they put arbitrary restrictions by means of a written constitution on the power of the central authority itself. Both these devices lend themselves to delay and obstruction in the conduct of business. In Oxford the constitution-makers adopted both kinds of safeguard but the university in practice observes neither. Instead, it has adopted some unwritten conventions, which have become more binding than any constitutional provisions.

The central authority is by the constitution split up into three bodies: the Hebdomadal Council, the General Board of the Faculties and the Curators of the University Chest, whose powers and duties are strictly defined by statute. Of these, the Hebdomadal Council, which consists of 18 members elected by all the resident M.A. (Congregation) and four *ex officio* members of whom one, the vice-chancellor, is chairman (as he is also of the other two), is the policy-making body. But Council cannot propose new expenditure without consulting the curators of the Chest who manage the property of the university, collect its revenues and keep its accounts and who therefore, can best judge whether money is available. Nor can Council propose anything which affects academic standards, such as altering an examination syllabus, creating a new professorship or appointing teaching and research staff, except after consultation with the General Board which represents the teaching and research staff who actually apply the standards. Each of these three bodies has its own chief permanent official, though the three of them work as a team of which the registrar, because he is the secretary of Council, is *primus inter pares*. It might seem, therefore, that unlimited opportunities for obstruction exist in the constitution of the central authority. There is indeed a constitutional device for preventing obstruction in the provision that any irreconcilable difference of opinion between Council and either the General Board or the Chest, shall be resolved by a committee of six members, three appointed by each of the two disputants, with the vice-chancellor as chairman. Obviously this is only another way of leaving the decision to the vice-chancellor; and the device is now never used because it is repugnant to the self-governing character of the university. Nor is it necessary, because any difference of opinion which arises can be referred without difficulty or delay to Congregation, which does not indeed initiate business, but whose consent or at least acquiescence is final, and which, as just noted, is the whole academic community. The important point to observe, when describing the university as a self-governing

munity, is that Congregation can make its decisions at once. Now if Council, having acquired an appetite for power, spun its policy out of its own inner consciousness and tried to impose that policy on the university by constant appeals to Congregation, Council would not be a central authority at all, but only an advisory committee. If there is an unwritten convention, perhaps more correctly to be described as a wise habit, that Council shall never make any important proposal without first consulting all the subordinate administrative bodies in the university whose interests are affected. Thus when Council submits a proposal to Congregation, it has nine times out of ten already either gained the agreement of the experts concerned or has disclosed some irreconcilable difference which it submits for the decision of the university as a whole. Council's method, then, is to consult, suggest, even, maybe, to cajole. In this way it exercises great influence. But it is the influence of a leader in a free community, and remains a leader only as long as anyone chooses to follow.

The present writer does not know enough of the administrative methods of other universities than his own, to state how far they resemble those of Oxford. But from the nature of the work to be done it seems certain that they cannot differ fundamentally. This administrative machinery seems well-designed to ensure the pre-eminence of academic views in the conduct of university business. Does it equally ensure that there is some means of adjusting academic policy to the legitimate demands of the public? All British universities have subscribed to the view that they cannot discriminate between the academic importance of subjects. As a Cambridge scholar once put it: "The middle ages were no doubt deplorable; but they did take place, and are, therefore, a proper subject of study." Scholars may, indeed, be able to state with some confidence that until some startling new discovery is made, a particular study is not likely to yield results important enough to justify the diversion to it of any considerable part of a university's resources; but no scholar would ever be bold enough to say that any subject is completely exhausted. Still less could anyone weigh the claims of active, expanding studies. Such claims must in any university be settled, as claims are settled in self-governing communities, by the general sense. Now that is just the point at which academic opinion is likely to fall foul of public opinion.

To the man in the street, the problem of preserving a proper balance between studies, which is so baffling to the man in the university, seems simple. How, he asks, is anyone to doubt that the study of atomic energy is more important than the history of ancient Egypt? From listening to B.B.C. talks and reading some simple primers, he can give a hundred reasons for casting his vote for atomic energy. But what



he is really claiming is the power to decide an academic question on social grounds. He cannot appreciate, as indeed only a scholar can, the delicate interactions of seemingly remote studies upon one another. It is, however, the man in the street who now pays through taxes more than 60 per cent. of the total cost of the universities, and he naturally claims to have a voice in their management. The universities can neither ignore nor surrender to these claims. What sort of compromise to work for is now perhaps the most important problem confronting the authorities of the universities and the University Grants Committee. It is unlikely that a formula will ever be devised by which the universities can determine when they should acquiesce in an activity of social value but not of equal interest academically. The tendency will, no doubt, be for government departments and other bodies to seek to impose upon universities more than they ought to undertake, and for the universities in consequence to resist this pressure more than can perhaps be socially justified. In the end, no doubt, a reasonable balance will be reached, though it would be too much to hope of human nature that government departments will never protest that the universities are doing too little, nor that universities that they are being asked to do too much.

From the foregoing account, it is clear that not even the friendliest critic could describe the methods of university administration as slick. Truly enough, in a university's relations with the outside world, officials have from time to time to take quick decisions of the same kind as the business man has to. But most of the decisions are reached after meticulous discussions for the outcome of which no individual has the personal responsibility. That, however, is true of most organisms which are governed by committees. What makes the task of the university particularly difficult is that there can be no quick test of results. The university declares no cash dividends and publishes no statistics of output. The amount of knowledge produced cannot be measured whether it is issued to the world in the shape of books and learned papers or in the shape of young graduates. The only evidence a university administrator can have of the success of his work is the approval of his colleagues and their readiness to turn to him for advice.

*(The author has been Registrar of Oxford University since 1930.)*

## THE RETREAT OF THE CITY

BY ASA BRIGGS

Y far the most interesting feature of the Preliminary Report on the Census of 1951, issued recently by the General Register Office, is the information it provides concerning the equalization of the rates of growth of urban and rural population between 1911 and 1939 and the subsequent movement ahead of the rate of growth of the rural population. The years 1939 to 1951 are the first occasion for more than a century that the rural section has gained at the expense of the rest of the community.

Before sweeping conclusions should be drawn about the return to the land or the rediscovery of the village, it is important to note that since 1939 there has been a virtual suspension of local government boundary changes, which has prevented some suburban growth from being brought within the sphere of urban administration, and that furthermore some of the flight from the wartime towns and cities was once-and-for-all change rather than a phase in a longer sequence. Even when factors of this kind have been taken into account, the information provided by the Census suggests that the period of urban development which began with the industrial revolution is drawing to a close and that new facts and new problems are emerging.

Quite apart from the over-all balance between town and country, the position of the industrial city has changed within the framework of a growing community. Liverpool and Manchester, for instance, both declined in population by about eight per cent. between 1931 and 1951, while 43 other towns with a population of 50,000 or more declined during the same period, ten places losing more than ten per cent. of their population. Among them were some of the new towns of the industrial revolution, the "insensate industrial towns" of Salford, the grim unfinished communities exposed in the Blue Books of the 1840's, and painted in their worst colours by the slummonds. Merthyr Tydfil fell in size by 14.1 per cent. between 1931 and 1951, continuing an earlier fall of 11.3 per cent. in the previous decade. Rhondda, Salford, Oldham, Burnley, Smethwick, Chadda and Gateshead were in a similar position. To some extent their fall was checked by the 1939-1945 war, which served to increase the rate of fall in Greater London.

London is a special case, which would merit detailed study on the

lines already mapped out by demographic historians of Paris. In 1939 Greater London reached its peak population of 8,728,000. Since then, partly as a result of bombing and evacuation, it has fallen by nearly 400,000. Within the County of London itself the fall has been much more marked, from 4,397,003 in 1931 to 3,348,336 in 1951 a decline equal in numbers to the total population of Birmingham England's second largest city.\*

Birmingham too appears to be a special case. With a population in 1951 over 10 per cent. higher than in 1931 it has increased to the extent of its lead over other English cities. Indeed its total municipal housing estate population exceeds the total population of cities of the size of Leicester and Plymouth. During the great depression its relative economic prosperity made it act as a magnet, while the Midland region, of which it is the administrative and business capital, has also risen in population from 3,743,000 in 1931 to 4,442,000 in 1951, more than 18 per cent. Yet the central wards of Birmingham have been falling sharply in population since the days when they acted as storm centres of Joseph Chamberlain's radical caucus, and if the total population of the area rose so steeply between 1931 and 1951 it was partly because the Greater Birmingham Act of 1911 carved out wide city boundaries, which allowed for civic *lebensraum*. Manchester, hemmed in by a ring of rival authorities, has been less fortunate, although apart from administrative differences the industrial structure of Birmingham has proved more flexible and adaptable than that of its northern rival. The case of Birmingham justifies in itself the cautious paragraph in the Preliminary Report which warns the reader to study the detailed local background of the general statistical tables before leaping to conclusions.

The cases of both Birmingham and London illustrate the outward pressure of city populations into surrounding areas of countryside during the last 60 or 70 years. The population of London County was greater in 1881 than in 1951, the most rapid penetration of the Outer Ring occurring between 1881 and 1901 when suburban railway expansion made modern "commutation" possible.† The Bournville Trust publication *When We Build Again*, based on Birmingham material collected in 1938, showed a similar trend. Since 1939, when Birmingham has continued to grow, the growth of the outer ring in London has slackened off, but it is significant that nine of the ten counties with the highest increases of population between 1931 and 1951 are located around London or in the south-east of England. Hertfordshire with an increase of 52 per cent. easily leads the rest. The congestion of suburban transport may well explain part of this.

\* With the exception of County Durham, London is the only county with a population smaller in 1951 than in 1931.

† The verb "to commute" is beginning to be used in London, but so far has not travelled much further. "To journey backwards and forwards from work" is still the usual English phrase.



movement further away from the city centre, for a station with fast trains is often nearer in time to a city centre than are nearer local stations with slower trains,\* but there are other reasons too for "colonial expansion" away from the cities—the quest for houses with adequate garden space, the implementation of green belt policies, and sometimes bomb damage in the centre.

The Census Report suggests, however, that more is happening in modern towns and cities than the familiar flight from the city centre. The size of conurbations, now acknowledged officially as recognizable social phenomena,† has been remarkably stable since 1931, only the West Midlands block round Birmingham and Coventry having continued to grow at a relatively rapid rate. At the same time the size of large towns, not necessarily forming part of conurbations, has shown signs of stabilization. The 1931 Census Report pointed out that for provincial centres a figure of 50,000 to 100,000 marked a limit of effective aggregation, beyond which the advantages of further accretion begin to be counter-balanced by increasing disadvantages. Since 1939 this limit appears to have fallen to 40,000 or to 75,000. Towns larger than this size have rates of growth which taper away until they actually culminate in a decline in population at the upper levels. Towns smaller than this size—the rates of growth of which also tapered away before 1939 until at the lowest levels of 3,000 and under they also began to decline—have in the last twelve years tended to increase at a fairly uniform rate irrespective of size. It is possible that the small town is coming back into its own again at the expense of the city, without any conscious effort to make it so. Certainly it is interesting to see, while scanning the pages of the Census Report, that as Merthyr Tydfil and Rochdale decline, Stamford and Warwick rise.

The motor car and the motor bus have produced a new map of England, which already makes a map of industrial England in 1851 look completely archaic. For the first time it is now possible to begin to stand back and examine the whole process of population growth and re-distribution, which depended on textiles, coal and iron, and railways. It is possible to re-assess too the qualitative as opposed to the quantitative aspects of industrial urban growth. A re-assessment of the sequences of urbanization, suburbanization and conurbanization can be made which will cover real case histories of towns and not laboratory models.

The early industrial town may now be following parts of our

\* A striking rail isochronic map of Birmingham time-distances in 1949 is given in the British Handbook, *Birmingham and its Regional Setting* (1950).

† Patrick Geddes's term "conurbation" is still only just respectable. Although the West Midland Group chose it as its title for its survey of Birmingham and the Black Country, it has not been a popular word in civic circles in Birmingham, and even when it was recently used by a peer in the House of Lords, a national newspaper columnist took occasion to comment on it.

railway and canal system and some units of our early industry along road of retreat. With all its much advertised housing horrors and its lack of social amenities, it frequently possessed partially compensating qualities of character, compactness and individuality. Even the old city had a dangerous vitality, which made statesmen exclaim that great cities needed strong government. As times change, we still remain pre-occupied with the problems of the legacy of nineteenth century urbanization rather than with our own twentieth century problems of the housing estate and the new town. The technical progress which along with social legislation has saved England from the squalor of the worst abuses of the old, will not be sufficient in itself to produce effective and colourful twentieth century communities. An age of scattered housing estates demands wireless and television. Our problems are different in character from the old.

The Census, which throws much light on the past, throws a less certain light on the future. Already much twentieth century urbanization is as depressing as anything the nineteenth century produced. A glimpse of growing Corby, which now has a population of over 16,000, is as chilling to the writer of this article as was the sight of Merthyr Tydfil to Thomas Carlyle. And worse than such a monstrosity, which can be seen by night from miles around, is the unstable mixture of town and countryside on the edges of all the great cities, in which the amenities of the country are destroyed without the amenities of the town being secured. If the city retreats only at the expense of the village, which it is already doing in some parts of England, it is doubtful whether anyone will be the richer.

The Census talks in terms of statistics—and some of the unpublished statistics, particularly those relating to occupations and places of work, will make the interpretation of population trends far more reliable—but even at this stage it is possible to examine statistics in terms of the contemporary topographical background. It may be that once the occupational figures are released the rise in the rural section of the population may be revealed as a paper phenomenon rather than a real increase, and that in time the retreat of the city may be counter-balanced by the expansion of urban boundaries, but the social facts of towns like Corby and hybrid urban-countryside like that between Gloucester and Cheltenham, are with us now and cannot be escaped. As we watch the recession of the industrial city and meditate on its obvious vices, which were clearly seen by nineteenth-century critics, we may well become complacent about new problems of our own time. To put the facts behind the Census of 1951 alongside the town-planning material at the Festival of Britain produces a picture of paradoxes and contrasts, which is at least as unsettling as any of the contrasts between the Great Exhibition and the social landscape a hundred years ago.

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## INCENTIVES

BY W. R. INGE

TACITUS tells us that that great and good man the emperor Tiberius, who had been asked to relieve a distressed gentleman, replied : "Industry will languish and idleness be encouraged, if a man has nothing to fear or hope from himself. Every man will calmly expect help from others, useless to himself and a burden to the government." This is of course the stock argument against Socialism. It is not love but hope and fear that make the world go round. Abolish these and the work will not be done, and as it must be done fear must be reintroduced somehow. So Herbert Spencer thought : "Socialism means slavery and the slavery will not be mild." Plato also thought that democracy must lead to tyranny, the one thing worse than itself. Democracy for him was the state of the do-as-you-likes, which according to Kingsley ends in an ape. This was hardly fair, for no self-respecting gorilla would do the things that we do.

Democracy was a bludgeon for the abolition of great abuses. It has done its work, and is now only the pillage of the unrepresented minority, a process which must end in the extinction of the bearers of our civilization. Those who agree with Euripides, that "of the three classes it is the middle that saves the country", will lament the state of the class which ruled England at the time of its greatest prosperity ; those who hope that our new masters will at any rate behave no worse than those who used and abused power in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries may still be uneasy at the relaxation of the intense energy which for 40 years made England the workshop of the world. "Damn braces ; bless relaxes", exclaimed William Blake in revolt against the gospel of Mr. Bottles and Samuel Smiles. Matthew Arnold's weary Titan is now like the sick lion of the fable ; he is kicked with impunity by Persia, Egypt, and Guatemala. Battered and bloodless, he is the victim of two cold wars. For we are not only opposed and insulted by Russia in every part of the world ; we seem to be helpless against the pressure groups which maintain a ceaseless economic war against the community. Behind the Iron Curtain strikes are forbidden. Until we have a government strong enough to forbid them we shall continue to bleed to death under progressive inflation.



A nation which depends for its existence on foreign trade can never be a working man's paradise. We are paying the penalty for the century of hope, which levied unlimited drafts upon the future. Victorian prosperity was a great gamble. We were to go on being the workshop of the world. Our exports, imports and population were to go on expanding by leaps and bounds. We sacrificed our agriculture to provide cheap food (and wages) for our industrialists; we exported our capital to help the "backward nations" to do without us; we maintained a high birth-rate until the advance of medical science made a parallel reduction unavoidable. The result is that we are in a more dangerous position than any other nation in the world. If we lose the command of the sea in wartime many millions of our people—perhaps one-third of our population—will die of hunger. It will be the most horrible calamity in history. And we cannot afford to make ourselves secure against attack.

The biological change in the duration of life is perhaps more important than political movements, though ignorance and prejudice prevent it from being discussed. In this country we live almost twenty years longer than our great-grandparents did. A hundred years ago the average expectation of life in England and Wales was 48 years for a man, 52 for a woman; at present it is 65 years for a man, 71 for a woman. People still talk nonsense about race-suicide. The birth-rate reached its minimum, 14.7 in the early 'thirties. Since then it has risen almost everywhere. The war of course disturbed it violently; now it will probably be stabilized in this country at about 15, against a death-rate of  $11\frac{1}{2}$ . We still hear laments that the poor Red Indian is dying out. In Mexico, an Indian country, the birth-rate is 43, the highest in the world, as compared with 17 north of the Rio Grande. There are two million people in Mexico City. By introducing modern sanitation the Americans have halved the death-rate of Japan in five years.

Hope is not always a good thing; it may be a very bad thing. The optimist in private life is a man who would buy from a Jew and sell to a Scot and expect to make a profit. In religion he believes in a cosmic law of progress, what Tennyson oddly calls an increasing purpose. A popular religion is a superstition which has enslaved philosophy. The superstition is secularised apocalypticism; the philosophy is a complete misunderstanding of Darwin. Biologically our race culminated ten or twenty thousand years ago; if we want to know our ultimate fate we may look at the moon. A poetical housemaid left in her room:

O moon, lovely moon with thy beautiful face,  
 Careering throughout the boundaries of space,  
 Whenever I see thee I think in my mind  
 Shall I ever, O ever behold thy behind?

he never will, but the posterior of Queen Hecate would not be more encouraging than her front view.

"This world has its dark nights and they are not few," said St. Bernard, who lived in one of them. Carnot and Clausius have taught us that the time-process is irreversible ; but there are great pulsations, renaissances and dark ages which come and go ; all things in time have a beginning and an end. To accept a dark age as final would be to give up hope, which if we are Christians we have no right to do ; though St. Paul says that if in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable. This raises the question whether the supramundane hopes encouraged by Christianity diminished the incentives to make this world a better place. Messianism, the expectation of a supernatural deliverance in the near future, was a Jewish patriotic dream which meant little to Gentile converts, and the Jews, as a nation, have never been indifferent to worldly advantages. The truth is that unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday, in default of tangible evidence, are seldom more than half-real to most of us, except symbolically. St. Paul already notices that the pagans "have no hope" ; they believed that they were in an age of decline. This mood of depression is found in Horace and even in Lucretius. It was deepened under the Empire ; in the third century a chorus of woe bursts from pagans as well as Christians. Even the phrase *fin de siècle* (*ipsa clausula saeculi*) is found. Men were conscious that civilization was on the wane, as indeed it was. This period is of special interest to us, because then only, so far as we know, before our own day, has the sense of living under the threat of a collapse of civilization spread far and wide. This pessimism was not, as is often said, part of an eschatological expectation of a coming end of the age, for the pagans expected nothing of the kind. It was due to a half-conscious realization that a phase of civilization had produced all the fruits that it was capable of bearing, and that, as they put it, their world was senile (*senuisse iam mundum*). The parallel seems rather close, when we think of the deplorable condition of the fine arts, including poetry, the increase of puerile superstitions, and the childish excitement over competitive athletics, enjoyed vicariously. The diabolical cruelties of the extermination camps in Germany were worse than anything in imperial Rome. But there are important differences, on the whole in our favour. There was a real *taedium vitae* in the Roman Empire. All the old families disappeared except the obscure Anicii, who were honoured as if they had "all the blood of all the Howards." Statius exclaims quaintly, *orbitas omni fugienda visu*, but the 'effort' to avoid childlessness was not made. The population was declining ; the towns were shrinking into mere forts. The common estimates of the population of the capital are quite incompatible with the known area of the city, which contained huge

public buildings and large open spaces ; there were no suburbs. There are no signs of *taedium vitae* among us, and there is an earnest desire to find a cure for social evils, which we do not find in antiquity. Above all, natural science, both as pure pursuit of truth and as applied in invention, has never been more vigorous and more fruitful than at present. The Romans were not inventive. They never learned how to harness a carthorse properly, and the refuse of their coal mines is by no means all slag.

We have not lost hope, and we have certainly not lost fear, as we did under good Queen Victoria. The main incentives thus remain to us. And we should not forget that those who live in the service of the ultimate values, truth, goodness, and beauty, will continue to work well however unfavourable external conditions may be.

There is one way in which we are certainly on the down grade through no fault of our own. The circumnavigation of Africa and the discovery of America opened what we may call the Atlantic period under which first Spain, then France, then Great Britain were for time successively the leading nations of the world. This period has now come to an end. The three Atlantic nations, with Holland, are now *ci-devants*. The future belongs to nations with a larger area and less congested population. There are now only two great powers, Russia and the United States. This does not at all mean that we shall cease to be a great nation. All the great things in history have been done by small nations—in Palestine, Attica, the Italian republics, Elizabethan England, Holland, the Germany of Kant and Goethe. But it does mean that we can no longer act as the policeman or schoolmistress of Europe. The truncheon and the birch are no longer in our hands.

“Westward the course of empire takes its way.” If Bishop Berkeley was thinking of America he may have been right ; if he was thinking of the old world he was wrong. Intelligent Germans saw this more clearly than we did. Hitler, in my opinion, had no designs against this country, and no dream of conquering the world. He saw that Russia would be the great danger of the future, and thought that if he struck at once the Slavs might be driven out of peninsular Europe and that Germany, in possession of Poland and the Ukraine, would not only have room for colonists, but would be secure against being starved out by naval blockade, as it was in the last war. Aggressive war is always wicked, but it was not stupid. The stupidity was elsewhere. In 1939-1945 we ruined ourselves in knocking out Germany and Japan ; in 1951 we think of rearming them to help us if we are forced into another war. “Do you not see, my son,” said the Swedish statesman Oxenstierna, “with how little wisdom the world is governed ?”

For better or worse, the acquisitive incentives are less now than the



ere in the last century. The most successful businessman cannot hope to found a family. No income will secure for him all the domestic comforts which even the possessors of middle class incomes look as a matter of course. There will and must be a slackening of enterprise ; society is no longer organized for the benefit of the good apprentice, the respectable man. But other incentives remain, and possibly there is more room for them. For the stake is very large ; it is all that makes life worth living. Improved organization, 'planning', is not the remedy. Power is always abused and always will be. Even the most pressing of needs, the abolition of war, has failed ; the League of Nations is dead. There was no general will for peace, and it takes only one to make a quarrel. Communism is no cure for class warfare ; in Russia a new *bourgeoisie* is in power. "Russia is becoming a *bourgeois* society for the first time," said Berdyaeff the great Russian thinker, himself at one time a Communist. The disease is in human nature ; it is loss of faith in the absolute values, loss of hope, loss of charity. The great tradition in philosophy, the perennial philosophy as the Catholics call it, must be maintained against popular disintegrating movements which after depriving man of his soul threaten to rob him of his mind. In religion we may remember a saying of George Tyrrell, that a time may come when all that will be left of Christianity will be mysticism (personal religion) and the law of love. Whatever else is kept or lost, these two remain.

Something a little more definite may be desired, some social change to work for. A drastic simplification of life has been forced upon all who had anything to lose in the way of comfort or luxury. We need a new version of the nursery rhyme :

The king was in the cellar  
Shovelling the coals ;  
The queen was in the kitchen  
Washing up the bowls.

If this simplification were embraced as well as accepted by the class which still sets the standard—for the British working man is not a proletarian', he is a *petit bourgeois*—something might be done to check the growing appetite for embellishments which are not necessities and which only complicate our problems. "Take thy share of hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" is the sound advice of a New Testament writer. The Dutch sociologist Huizinga lends his admirable book *In the Shadow of To-morrow* with the following words : "The new asceticism will have to be a surrender, a surrender to all that can be conceived as the highest. That can no more be nation or class than the individual existence of self. Happy those for whom that principle can only bear the name of Him who spoke, I am the way, the truth, and the life."

## MY FESTIVAL

BY S. L. BENSUSAN

**D**ON'T attempt it," said the wise man who combines knowledge with experience. "You couldn't do what you propose to do nor see what you would like to see and your failure might involve others. The Festival is not for you." "I'll take your advice," I told him, "but I propose to enjoy the finest and oldest of all British festivals. I hope to have it displayed for me and a few friends; it should start before South Bank is in working order and continue after the last visitor has gone home. In 1952 it will re-open with all attractions renewed; age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety. My festival holds sway for unlimited hours, there are nights in May and June when its capacity to delight the visitor is only controlled by his capacity to keep awake." "I think I can follow you," he said, "since I know your way of looking at things. Good luck to the venture, but won't it be rather restricted?" "Seating accommodation isn't good, but it should be sufficient," I admitted.

In the past fortnight a local handyman had set up a bench in the shade of a mountain ash and the shadow of a broom bush. There could sit alone or in company and see my festival displayed in all its beauty. There would be no admission fees, no noise, no crowds. When forced to leave the scene because duty called, I could walk down the hill, along a bracken-bordered path, across a meadow with a stream that flows under great alder trees, over a tiny bridge, successor to the one "Searchlights" cut down because they wanted it for firing, and up a hillside from which the menace has been taken by two seats. While I was away the festival would continue; it does not need support nor admiration; turnstiles and box offices mean nothing to it.

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There was only one manager in the woodland; his name is Time. He devised the scenery and changed it so slowly and skilfully that the stage was always full and action never faltered. His festival concert could not be rivalled; he had called superb soloists from across the seas, beyond the confines of Europe; under a contract that lasted for life they worked until their voices passed and then they returned home with assurance of a renewed engagement next spring.

As he dealt with music, so with colour. Before my festival opened

The prevailing note was grey-green, then came the fuller and deeper notes. Following colour came perfume. I think the South Bank had no equal fragrance, no like sense of tranquillity, no such overmastering sense of peace. Halcyon days and halcyon nights were offered freely; almost one heard the world pursuing its road in peace, though not altogether without strife. Raptorial birds, with magpies, jays and even stoats, invaded the festival precincts; death came in pursuit of life, but all such happenings, being in accordance with a law we cannot fathom and whose severity we cannot mitigate, did nothing to check the ordered progress of the pageant. It seemed better to turn from contemplation of the inevitable while seeing that whatever might be done to reduce cruelty was kept in mind. Nature never fails to assure us that we are neither omnipotent nor omniscient and that our place in the scheme of things is infinitely small.

The festival performances that have yielded such delight were being given when Julius Caesar landed on these islands and found here "one horrible wood"; they will persist when you and I are dust to the last digit." Our tiny share is that of spectators, let us accept the rôle and be content—we can no other. But with due sense of humility it is possible to enjoy the pageant to the full, just as we enjoy the Bellinis in Venice, Fra Angelico in Florence or Girolamo dai Libri in Verona.

I went to the opening of my festival in April and the Chorus from Atlanta came with me. It seemed good to quote it then and there.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces  
The mother of months in meadow or plain  
Fills the shadows and windy places  
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.

I find immortal music in Swinburne, though gentlemen whose brows are much higher than mine incline to scoff, well aware that, had they been so minded, they could have done better. But how much of what is written to-day will be so delightfully readable when my pageant is repeated 90 years hence?) As the guests arrived, their names and qualities were noted as accurately as possible, but when April turned to May, it was clear that the visitors' list must be closed. Paper shortage and limitation of space alone would have compelled, for, while April could deal with newcomers singly, a month later they were arriving in battalions.

The few fine April days brought butterflies: brimstone, red admirals and peacocks; over the tree tops skylarks quarrelled and sang; in the conifers wood-pigeons brooded, in two bushes thrushes nested, soon chiff-chaff and willow wren announced the arrival of migrants. Cuckoo called cheerily from his springtime home, nightingales reached the wood and sang in the morning hours as



bravely as at night. A couple of swallows passed ; they must have endured anxious days, for the sun was hardly strong enough to bring their food and they could not have had much strength to pursue it after the long flight from Africa.

In still hour of morning one could hear the murmur of innumerable honey bees, seeking pollen. Easter palm, dandelion and crabapple served their needs and the earliest bumble bees were seen ; those that would come in their hundreds when the lavender flowered had yet to be born. Whitethroat and turtle dove were next on the visitor list ; fly catchers sprang suddenly into active life, and they hawked within 20 yards of my seat. All the time I sat watching the arrival of migrants and the nesting of birds that do not leave us, I was aware of fresh changes in woodland, following the decision of tree, bush and weed to wear festival dress. Elder and sycamore were the gayest trees, dandelion the brightest weed, wood sorrel the most welcome little flower, while across the valley white blossoms marked the plum trees. On the floor of the wood sweet violets clustered here and there, not so generously as the occasion demanded. Lesser celandine shot up, rousing lady fern and bluebells. I think the wood sorrel for all its modesty was the quiet queen of woodland ; the white, bell-shaped flowers that come so inconspicuously and pass so soon gave assurance that spring was really with us and that rough days were merely incidental.

Yes, all through April festival guests had been arriving but, owing to the reluctance of those responsible for the weather to give us a series of really warm days, progress had been slow and there was no suggestion of overcrowding. Indeed, if truth be told, there were certain hours when the armchair by the log fire seemed to call more loudly than the seat in the wood. But one likes to praise April, if only because she has left the less attractive half of the year behind to serve a sentence of six months banishment from a world that will neither regret its absence nor welcome its return. Had it been possible I would have slept in the wood to enjoy the morning hymn of praise—but this can only be done by consent. “ Not at your time of life,” said my C.O.

So it became necessary to leave the night festival to the nightingale and late crooning pigeons, joined now by many turtle doves, the brown owl and an occasional bat, while the Master of the Ceremonies called to the bracken to fill all waste places and familiar paths and generally to prepare the conditions that in due season might tempt the shy elusive night-jar to the plateau or the woodcock to the patch of wet ground where food in abundance is waiting amid the sights and scents and sounds of summer.

Festival made certain demands. Only an ear-aid could reveal

the faint music of bursting beech buds or the subdued song of the creeper. It was well to carry a few books to the wood to set ones to the music made by dead lovers of woodland ways ; had my dangerous enthusiasm for picnic meals been shared, I fear, the home would have been deserted for days on end.

It was worth remembering that the most devoted visitor to the Ban Festival of Britain would hardly go more than once or twice a week while every fine day brought mine in reach with little fatigue and no expense, never a queue and never a crowd. If the day would be unworthy of the festival it did at least serve a purpose, for, following a shower, all the natural colour and all the natural fragrance were intensified, and you had only to listen to the birds to be assured that rain is worthy of the highest praise and can only be disliked or rebuked by those who have forgotten or never known how much it means to all the life it serves. Perhaps, to appreciate rain, one should have lived awhile in the East. My own sojourns in Africa and Asia have been brief, but have sufficed to keep me from impatient comment when downpour spoils a sporting fixture. Only when it lodges the corn and delays the harvest, whether of hay or corn, is there ground for unavailing complaint, but there is no arable to be seen from this festival site, only woodland, meadow and stream.

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My exhibition is over ; the singers have gone ; woodland colours, or all their richness, are those we associate with the passing of the year ; leaves begin to fall, summer time is waiting to go on leave. But without proclamation or *réclame* my festival will return with April. May I be there.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD

BY B. EVAN OWEN

THERE is seldom more than a suggestion of inevitability in even the greatest of Matthew Arnold's poems and too often the undoubted competence of his technique reduces to rigid formality the wayward beauty of his thought, or the startling brilliancy of his invention. He was not a great poet and he did not write any major poetry, but he left a wealth of very good minor poetry in which there is a prophetic element that renders him immensely readable at this time. He was a critic who did not balk the hazards of self-criticism and he was hard indeed on "Empedocles on Etna", a dramatic poem of considerable power and of unequal importance. Whether the poet was primarily concerned with the poem's faults, considered in relation to his own limited conception of the need for tight, intellectual organization in poetry, or whether he knew the poem to be a revealing and unflattering portrayal of his own spiritual dilemma, is a question that cannot be satisfactorily answered. Certainly there are faults of construction and it is conceivable that Arnold was not anxious for the Victorian world, in which without self-assurance a man was accounted of little worth, to discover the unrest that plagued his mind. For us, "Empedocles" appears as a poem of crisis, and the moral conflicts that separated Arnold from most of his contemporaries are a part of our uncertain existence at the half-way point of the twentieth century. We recognize these conflicts as a part of the moral pattern of man's progress through history and acknowledge the inescapable conclusion that upon the resolution of the conflicts depends the future of mankind. Arnold was unable to see this dilemma so clearly, for, despite his resistance, the optimism of the times did not fail to make an impression, and the heresy which he preached was often swamped with vague generalities arising from a bewildered incoherence of thought. But we are on too familiar with the truth of lines such as these :

The world's course proves the terms  
On which man wins content ;  
Reason the proof confirms ;  
We spurn it, and invent  
A false course for the world, and for ourselves, false powers.  
Riches we wish to get,  
Yet remain spendthrifts still ;  
We would have health, and yet



Still use our bodies ill ;  
 Bafflers of our own prayers, from youth to life's last scenes.  
 We would have inward peace,  
 Yet will not look within ;  
 We would have misery cease,  
 Yet will not cease from sin ;  
 We want all pleasant ends, but will use no harsh means ;  
 We do not what we ought,  
 What we ought not, we do,  
 And lean upon the thought  
 That chance will bring us through ;  
 But our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers.

There is an existentialist flavour about Arnold's insistence upon man's responsibility for the state of his world ; his implied acknowledgment of man's terrible powers of choice between good, that often appears in the guise of sinful rebellion, and evil, clothed in white and bearing the banner of righteousness. For Empedocles, the final confrontation with death affords him a brief moment of exultation and freedom, and crying

Is it but for a moment ?  
 Ah ! boil up, ye vapours !  
 Leap and roar, thou sea of fire !  
 My soul glows to meet you.  
 Ere it flag, ere the mists  
 Of despondency and gloom  
 Rush over it again,  
 Receive me ! Save me !

hurls himself into the crater of the volcano. Lacking faith, Empedocles chose suicide as final and irrevocable. Also lacking faith in himself, in humanity, in God, though unwilling to admit it even to himself, Arnold chose instead the death of his poetry and strove to achieve integration with society through an intellectual concern with public affairs. He felt his isolation very deeply and saw himself as quite alone in the boisterously optimistic world of his fellows. That is no uncommon state of mind for the artist, but Arnold does not stop at that point. As he is alone, so are all men, each separated from his fellows by an unbridgeable distance.

Yes : in the sea of life enisl'd,  
 With echoing straits between us thrown,  
 Dotting the shoreless watery wild,  
 We mortal millions live alone.  
 The islands feel the enclapping flow,  
 And then their endless bounds they know.

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Who order'd that their longing's fire  
 Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd ?  
 Who renders vain their deep desire ?—  
 A God, a God their severance rul'd ;  
 And bade betwixt their shores to be  
 The unplumb'd salt, estranging sea.

This poem, of which only the first and last verses are given here, is one of the most beautiful of Arnold's shorter poems, complete in exposition of his theme and constructed with an unerring ear for suitability of metre, assonance and alliteration.

Mr. T. S. Eliot considers Arnold's poetry to have "little technical interest . . . It is academic poetry in the best sense. "Empedocles on Etna" is one of the finest academic poems ever written." It is hardly fair to dismiss Arnold's technical achievement in such a cavalier manner, for he did attempt, though with some confidence, a search for verse-forms that were free enough to fit the moods of his poetry. But the academic label would have pleased the son of Arnold of Rugby, whose heavy influence upon the essentially romantic Matthew can easily be under-estimated. The poet striving always to annihilate the romantic yearnings in his own self fashioned his poetry in what he considered to be a severely classical style. Wordsworth he idolized, Shelley and Byron he admired greatly, but he believed that the "purple riot" of their poetry needed to be wedded to the restraining austerity and formal beauty of the Homeric verse.

In poems like the hauntingly lovely, "To a Gipsy Child by the Seashore" and the less successful, "Lines written in Kensington Gardens," the influence of Wordsworth is immediately apparent. Empedocles he described in terms overwhelmingly Byronic,

And I could watch him with his proud, sad face,  
His flowing locks and gold-encircled brow  
And kingly gait, for ever . . .

That he did not entirely succeed in the suppression of the romantic in himself is a measure of the value of his poetry. It is only when romanticism triumphs over the restricting bonds of an over-intellectualized classicism that he succeeds in writing poetry that compels attention.

The excellence of "Dover Beach" derives from the essentially romantic vitality of the imagery that is disciplined, but not overwhelmed, by the poem's classical construction. In the two final stanzas the poet achieves a perfect integration of form and content. It is also a plain statement of Arnold's recognition of the spiritual dilemma of his age.

The sea of faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating to the breath  
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.  
Ah, love, let us be true  
To one another! for the world, which seems

To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
 So various, so beautiful, so new,  
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain ;  
 And we are here as on a darkling plain,  
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

"The Strayed Reveller", another poem where the romantic is, at least, partially triumphant, can be severely criticized since it contains many glaring faults of construction and language. It also contains one of the most vividly lovely imaginative poetry in Arnold's work. Against the paucity of these lines :

Ah, the sweet fumes again !  
 More soft, ah me !  
 More subtle-winding  
 Than Pan's flute-music.  
 Faint—faint ! Ah me !  
 Again the sweet sleep.

It must be set the limpid clarity of :

The Gods are happy.  
 They turn on all sides  
 Their shining eyes :  
 And see, below them,  
 The Earth, and men.  
 They see Tiresias  
 Sitting, staff in hand,  
 On the warm, grassy  
 Asopus' bank :  
 His robe drawn over  
 His old, sightless head :  
 Revolving inly  
 The doom of Thebes.  
 They see the Centaurs  
 In the upper glens  
 Of Pelion, in the streams,  
 Where red-berried ashes fringe  
 The clear-brown shallow pools ;  
 With streaming flanks, and heads  
 Rear'd proudly, snuffing  
 The mountain wind . . .

This poem, incidentally, offers one instance of Arnold's attempts to cover a freer verse-form and despite the harsh treatment it has received at the hands of earlier critics is unlike anything else in mid-Victorian poetry.

All the available evidence would suggest that the subject of the group of poems, "Switzerland", was something more than a mere product of Arnold's repressed romantic yearnings, though it is hardly conceivable that his attachment to Marguerite was more than platonic liaison. The towering image of his father was too close on his heels for such an abandonment to passion, and whatever



happened in his poetry, he was well able to suppress the romantic in himself in his relations with women.

Again I spring to make my choice ;  
Again in tones of ire  
I hear a God's tremendous voice—  
" Be counsell'd, and retire ! "

He probably met her in Switzerland in 1846, three years before the publication of his first book of verse and five years before his marriage. The bliss that he glimpsed with Marguerite in Thun was not for him

. . . the rest, a few,  
Escape their prison, and depart  
On the wide Ocean of Life anew.  
There the freed prisoner, wh'er his heart  
Listeth, will sail ;  
Nor does he know how there prevail,  
Despotic on life's sea,  
Trade-winds that cross it from etern ty.

The chains of his upbringing were too strong for him and he was compelled to seek relief in a self-pity that often approached the maudlin in its regretful righteousness. With Marguerite and Switzerland behind him he returned to respectability and marriage with the daughter of a judge.

The infusion of romantic melancholy into his poetry did not please the poet. " ' The Gipsy Scholar ' at best awakens a pleasant melancholy ", he wrote to his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, " . . . this is not what we want. " But in this matter Clough was a better critic than his friend, for he recognized the poem as one of Arnold's greatest achievements. In it he displays to the full his powers of invention and the extreme delicacy of his imagery, especially in the stanzas that speak so beautifully of the Oxfordshire countryside, with its " wide fields of breezy grass . . . Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames " and " the warm green-muffled Cummer hills. " And over all the quiet melancholy inspired by contemplation of the eternally changing world. Arnold sought for the school of the Gipsy as he sought for the freedom he desired but was unable to recognize when it was offered to him through the medium of poetry. On that level the poem stands as a condemnation of his age and a protest against the " strange disease of modern life . . . With its sick hurry, its divided aims . . . Its heads o'ertaxed, palsied hearts. " The wandering philosopher is urged to keep away from the world's contamination while he yet retains " the unconquerable hope ", and still clutches " the inviolable shade " of the forest paradise.

For strong the infection of our mental strife  
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest ;  
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,  
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.  
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,

Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,  
 And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made :  
 And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,  
 Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

A clear picture of Arnold's later years, when his poetry was over-  
 and the sickness of the world had claimed another victim, is contained  
 in the last few lines of that verse.

Matthew Arnold had too much respect for the memory of his father  
 to blame him consciously for the failure of his poetic mission in  
 general and for the failure of his affair with Marguerite in particular.  
 But it is significant that the poem he admired above all others was  
 "Sohrab and Rustum". The story of the poem is derived from the  
 Persian and describes the career of a young warrior, Sohrab, the  
 legitimate son of the great Persian hero, Rustum. The theme  
 is the slaying in battle of Sohrab by Rustum, who only learns of their  
 relationship after the fight, and as his son lies dying. In a vain hope  
 that it is not true, Rustum demands proof of their kinship. Sohrab  
 bears his arm and shows his father the tattooed likeness of a signet  
 given by Rustum to his mistress as a proof of their secret relationship.  
 Thus would Matthew Arnold appear to portray the slaying of  
 his own poetic self by the memory of his own father, and of the  
 romantic world which lived for him in the poetry of Wordsworth,  
 by the materialist, industrial one in which he was living.

The influence of Homer on Arnold, exemplified by the too lavish  
 use of the extended "Homeric simile", is clearly seen in the passage  
 which describes the baring of Sohrab's arm and the revealing of the  
 paternal seal : an expression of the intangible in terms of the tangible.

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loos'd  
 His belt, and near the shoulder bar'd his arm,  
 And shew'd a sign in faint vermilion points  
 Prick'd : as a cunning workman in Pekin,  
 Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,  
 An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,  
 And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp  
 Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands :—  
 So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd  
 On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.

In this passage the metaphor is well chosen. The delicacy of  
 porcelain expresses well the texture and inherent fragility of flesh  
 from which the life is fast ebbing and "the emperor's gift" refers to  
 Rustum's relationship with Sohrab, and also to the fact that Rustum  
 gave his son the fatal blow. Arnold employs some other equally  
 felicitous similes in this poem—and a few that are ill-chosen; as, for  
 example, in the lines describing the death of Sohrab :

. . . the blood  
 Came welling from the open gash, and life  
 Flow'd with the stream : all down his cold white side  
 The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soil'd,

Like the soil'd tissue of white violets  
 Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,  
 By romping children, whom their nurses call  
 From the hot fields at noon. . . .

This sort of inconsistency in the quality of his work can be found in all his longer narrative poems and in many of his shorter poems. It is one of the reasons why Arnold is a very good poet, but in no way a great poet and clearly is a reflection of the unrest and uncertainty that governed his life.

When Goethe wrote : " There is a great difference between the poet who seeks the particular for the sake of the universal and one who seeks the universal in the particular . . . the latter is the true method of poetry," he might have been speaking directly to Matthew Arnold. It is arguable that after Wordsworth, it was Goethe who had the greatest influence on the young Arnold and his later critical essays owe a great deal to the German genius, as well as to the Greeks. They are, indeed, to quote a modern critic, the product of " Germanized Hellenism ". After writing of the Greeks that, " . . . with them the poetical character of the action itself, and the conduct of it, was the first consideration," it was but a short step for Arnold to such a convinced belief in the supreme importance of moral significance in poetry that he could dismiss Chaucer as of only average importance because he was wanting in " high seriousness ". But despite the occasional faults of judgment in his critical work, Arnold remains the foremost literary critic of his age and we, in this century, owe him more than is usually recognized by modern literary historians. He did much to introduce us to the rich literary heritage of France and his Homeric studies are patterns of lucidity. When considered in the light of the theories advanced by Croce and his followers on the importance of the aesthetic sense in critical evaluations, Arnold's essay " The Study of Poetry " appears to be almost obsolete. Yet there are many critics writing to-day who would do well to temper their judgments anew in the spirit of Matthew Arnold.

Poet, scholar and critic—in all of these rôles Matthew Arnold can still claim our attention and our respect. He was a true representative of his time, a period we are only just beginning to understand, and in which there were many elements familiar to us in this middle period of the twentieth century. Having passed through such extremes of crisis over the last fifty years, we can afford to be tolerant of the Victorian's exaggerations and regard objectively his particular cultural inconsistencies. In Matthew Arnold's poetry, and occasionally in his prose, we can discover, through his reactions to the turmoil of his own experiences, a reaffirmation of the supremacy of the spirit in a materialist world.



## THE HEAVENLY HEIGHTS

BY WILFRID GIBSON

IN Chartres Cathedral, as a youth,  
Mazed by the medieval atmosphere  
Of incense-dreaming centuries  
Of spiritual aspiration and the sheer  
Exultant adoration in pillared stone  
Springing to soaring arches, whose austere  
Fabric was flushed with rich resplendences  
Of multi-coloured stained-glass light  
Streaming from windows brilliant with the glow  
Of southern summer, blazing row on row—  
While I sat, day by day, alone  
In a bedazzled dream,  
Writing romantic rhymes  
Of visionary times,  
I first became half-conscious of the truth  
That most men seem  
To shrink, at sight,  
From the exaltation of celestial height :  
For, as they entered by the western door,  
The visitors would give one casual glance  
Towards the vaulted roof, and then no more  
Would lift their dazed  
Awe-stricken eyes above  
The plane of their own minds, earthbound ;  
But with relief would turn  
To wander round,  
Inspecting with meticulous concern  
Each detail, craftsmen of old France  
With dexterous love  
Had carved on shrine and screen,  
While overhead, by them unseen,  
The ethereal lights of heaven burned and blazed.

Yet, even though the dreams  
Of youth have faded and necessity  
Has, for the most part, kept my eyes earthbound,  
My soul has ever found  
Escape from apathy  
In zenith-piercing spires and sunset-gleams  
On mountain-peaks and heaven's infinity.

## ENGLISH POETRY : 1938-1950—III.

BY HERBERT PALMER

**W**ILLIAM Soutar made a considerable reputation in Scotland before the war, but his voice rarely passed beyond the Borders till just before his death in 1943. His numerous volumes culminating in *Collected Poems* (1948), revealed him as a foremost twentieth century poet of Scotland, hardly challenged even by Hugh MacDiarmid, who thinks that he is at his best and most individual in the vernacular. There is a warm streak of tenderness and poignancy in some of Soutar's lyrics, so rare in these harsh days.

A single book that caused a sensation in the corridors and was much praised by Desmond MacCarthy, was *The Defeated* by P. D. Cummins (the Phyllis Mégroz of that superb lyric "The Silver Bride"). The poems reveal a master hand in traditional forms, the chief theme the futility of mere sexual love, the defeat of the soul by lust. Here, at any rate, is a book where the theme shapes the verse and not *vice-versa* as has so often happened with very modern poetry.

The note of P. D. Cummins was bitter and even old-fashioned. Less old-fashioned but equally remote from current vogues because somewhat reminiscent of AE (George Russell) were 80-and-odd lyrics published by Clare Cameron, a mystical and pastoral poet, in two unobtrusive brochures of verse, *Far from Home* and *A Stranger Here*. Spirituality and the breath of comfort flow from some of these lyrics, their earthly atmosphere pastoral and the shape of the best of the melodious beyond reproach. The probable reason why Clare Cameron is not better known is because she has always avoided every sort of sensationalism, and her kind of note went out of fashion after 1925. Nevertheless, she has affinities with Kathleen Raine and Phoebe Hesketh as well as with AE.

Another poet of mysticism whose beginnings precede 1938, but who has published rather more copiously, is Dallas Kenmare. She is a warm admirer of Robert Browning, about whom she has written a book, but with whom she shows no affinity whatsoever except in content. Most of Dallas Kenmare's poems are in free-verse and deal primarily with frustrated love, and love as it should exist between true lovers. But her free verse really is verse (even rhapsodical at times) and not prose-verse. Ordinarity of epithet and phrase interfere

th its impassioned content and atmosphere, and perhaps explain the public's neglect of her. Poets, supported by critics and anthologists, have been epithet-and-phrase crazy, and as I think I was the first new poet after 1917 who was lavish with phrase and epithet—perhaps in semi-conscious opposition to the “Georgians”—I think I have the special right to say that this verbal idol has been placed on too high a pedestal.

Another woman poet, who has been continually passed over by others, is Alberta Vickridge, the editor of that little North of England verse-quarterly, the *Jongleur*, which she heroically kept going throughout the 1938-1950 period. She is a scrupulous traditionalist, and is one of the few poets who can tell a romantic tale and write it in good blank verse. Her fellow north-countrywoman, Dorothy Ratcliffe, has continued the publication of her unique poems in the Yorkshire dialect.

One of the most considerable developments since 1938 is the poetry of T. W. Ramsey, who is now conspicuous as a thoughtful poet of fine shapeliness, sometimes in traditional sprung-rhythms which lightly touch fingers with Irish wavering rhythms. He is outstandingly good at short narrative poems for the verse-speaker, as these opening stanzas from “Herod” bear witness :

Bring hither the bronze platter.

Let me see the head—

I would know how the desert falcon

Looks when he is dead.

I have seen those eyes so filled with lightning

When thunder was their lord,

I would have thought such fire and fury

Might have turned the sword.

Yet for the whim of a lightfoot dancer

Now lie they low

Never to burn this side the water—

What wind shall blow

These coals to flame again

Runs not over earth.

Here is an end of their deadly speaking—

From their death what birth ?

He is less occupied with himself than Frederick Meyerstein, who has written much intellectual verse in tightly strung rhythms, melody that does not always yield its content swiftly.

The author of the long narrative poem “Dymer” has revealed that his real name is not Clive Hamilton but Clive Staples Lewis. He has become widely known as the author of those imaginatively religious prose-works, *The Screwtape Letters*, *Pilgrim's Regress* and



*The Great Divorce*—the general influence on him, Charles William. Some gripping lyrics in *Pilgrim's Regress*, as well as in anthologies at the literary press, bring him to our attention as a considerable lyric poet. A much earlier, but equally disciplined romantic, J. Redwood Anderson, followed up his volume of pastoral lyrics, *The Cuckoo Cries*, with a very long fascinating poem, "The Pursuit of Diarmid and Grania" (competing here with Austin Clarke), which shows great knowledge of Irish myth and legend and complete mastery in a new kind of flexible blank verse, but which Anderson had already successfully essayed in "The Human Dawn". Another scholar-poet, F. L. Lucas, one who has always shown himself a master of the simple lyric, has published a massive volume of translated verse, *Greek Poetry for Everyman*, which has been judged unusually successful both as translation and poetry. But many others of the older poets have more firmly established their reputations. It is not quite certain if Roy Campbell did it in *Flowering Rifle* (written just before the outbreak of war and published at its beginning), that satirical swash-buckler volume in which he stormed against Communism, Democracy, the Jews, John Bull, the International Brigade, Free Thought, Modernist Poets and the English Left Wing, writing too as a British soldier in General Franco's Spanish army. In *Talking Bronco*, which followed it, his wit and invective are often less lucid, modernist and indecipherable *argot* adding nothing to his originality, so that, in spite of some towering and exciting passages of galled self-esteem, the book does not seem as virile as *Flowering Rifle*.

Others who published new volumes quite certainly did add to their reputations. They include not only Walter de la Mare and Edna St. Vincent Millay, but Dorothy Wellesley (Duchess of Wellington), who, in addition to two successful new volumes, published one of selected verse in which she showed herself a powerful and original poet in an old tradition, touching fingers lightly with things modern. Richard Church's poetry became better known, and Ruth Pitter continued in semi-classical diction her lyrics of restrained self-revelation, and in *The Rude Potato* showed herself capable of laughter-raising humour. John Masefield, Yeats (posthumous), Austin Clarke, Edmund Blunden, Siegfried Sassoon, V. Sackville-West, Charles Williams, Lord Dunsany, Robert Graves, Frank Kendon, Stanley Snaith, Gerald Bullett, Clifford Dymont, published new volumes. And De la Mare, Lilian Bowes Lyon, Richard Church, Richard Aldington, Ruth Pitter, Laurence Whistler, Seumas O'Sullivan, Cecil Day Lewis, Louis MacNeice, W. H. Auden, Roy Campbell, R. C. Trevelyan, Vivian Locke Ellis, John Gawsworth, Thomas Thorneley, and Geoffrey Faber, issued at different intervals their collected poems. R. C. Trevelyan is a scholar-poet who moves in the same circle as Robert

edges, though he is only just inside its rim. He had particular bad luck, for his *Collected Poems* of 1939 were all destroyed in a London blitz, and a later book *Aftermath* (containing a few of the earlier poems) seems to have been smothered by the modernist racket. The *Collected Verse of Thomas Thornely* was a strange overflow from the past, for the author, who defines himself on the dust-cover as "formerly Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and University Lecturer in History", has written entirely in the outmoded Victorian and pre-Victorian metres and idioms. He has been somewhat influenced by Wordsworth, though much of his verse may be defined as "light", of which he generally shows himself a master. He is a frequent caustic critic of the modern scene, perhaps the most caustic any poet, as in this limerick :

Said a Writer, who rose from obscurity  
By polluting his page with impurity—  
To be decent and clean,  
As so many have been,  
Is a mark of the mind's immaturity.

And he deftly hits off "The Ultra-Modernist Poet" with these lines :

Enough that, as the tides of feeling pass,  
Some trivial moment of the unmeaning flow  
Is caught and pinned beneath transfiguring glass,  
That we may watch its tortured image grow.  
What else is left us ? gone are codes and creeds,  
And smug conceits that waked Victorian lyres ;  
Mind is for us a string of worthless beads,  
And life a fatuous round of balked desires.

Perhaps among the poets of the last 60 years his closest relationship is to William Watson, and he certainly challenges him as an epigrammatist, though he is more often disappointingly commonplace. Rostrevor Hamilton and John Arlott included five of Thomas Thornely's descriptive lyrics in their topographical anthology, *Landmarks*.

The strangest of the whole company of collectors is Geoffrey Faber, who has been described by the chairman of a London University students' society as "the godfather of modern verse." Geoffrey Faber is certainly not the lineal father or grandfather, for his volume of collected poems (1908-1940), *The Buried Stream*, is completely traditional, and one wonders why Edward Marsh and Harold Monro overlooked him when they compiled their Georgian anthologies, especially as he fought in the 1914-1918 war ; perhaps it was because his note seemed too distinctly Victorian and not sufficiently of the new mode. Now he has become the head of a famous publishing house, most of whose publications of verse may be described as "modernist" and the title "Faber poetry" affixed to them as opposed to "Georgian

poetry ”.

A curious feature of recent English poetry is its tendency to become regional and out of touch with the average English reader. Keidryc Rhys is a very queer Welsh poet, and his anthology *Modern Welsh Poetry* is a very queer anthology, and poets like Lynette Roberts and H. L. R. Edwards are very queer contributors, and such frequent lines as the latter's :

Between my thighs an extraordinary  
Sun dangles, emptying light on London . . . .

seem to suggest that it is time the Welsh got Home Rule. The main influence is manifestly Dylan Thomas, but when a poem gets away from him and really hits the bull's eye the result is truly electric, as in Huw Menai's black and blazing "Back in the Return", a poem about the sinister darkness of the Welsh mine "Where Night is rotting in her tomb" and about the filth of its underworld.

*Modern Scottish Poetry* (1946) edited by Maurice Lindsay, himself quite one of Scotland's best young bards, is much broader in range embracing poets who made their first appearance during the year immediately preceding the 1914-1918 war, for Violet Jacob, Marion Angus and Muriel Stuart are in it. Among the more recent poets there are Hugh MacDiarmid, William Soutar, Edwin Muir, Hamish MacLaren, Andrew Young, Douglas Young, Ruthven Todd, Adair Drinan, G. S. Fraser, Tom Scott. Tradition here has triumphed though in two or three of the poems the diction is distinctly odd and its metaphors, similes and symbols against nature. One of the most violent critics of the formless poets in Scotland was William Hutcheson of Milngavie, a bard in an older tradition (though a number of the poems in Lindsay's anthology must have well pleased him) who died in January 1951. In an issue of the Glasgow *Evening Citizen* of 1944 Hutcheson wrote :

I smole a smile when I read the wise worrds on our  
new Scots bards the ither night. As I have been  
a rantin rhymer in Doric and English for a guid  
wehen years maybe this ballade will stir the skep.

After which follows his "Ballade on Bunkum", of which this is the first stanza :

Ach ay, they died off one by one  
The auld bards wha could rhyme a treat ;  
The new hae neither guts nor fun,  
Rhyme, rhythm, nor convincing heat.  
The auld had leanings towards the sweet,  
They charmed new beauty into view ;  
The new boys bay the moon, or bleat,  
Now poetry has gars askew.

Maurice Lindsay has sub-titled his selection "An Anthology of the



Scottish Renaissance 1920-1945 ", and perhaps that is true.

The Irish literary renaissance more or less came to an end a few years before the death of AE in 1935, for it was AE rather than Yeats who held things together. Who to-day are the most prominent of the new poets of Ireland ? Is it that poet of the soil, Patrick Kavanagh ? Or is it Patrick MacDonogh ? Or is it Donagh MacDonogh ? Or is it Sean Jennett ? Or John Hewitt ? Or Roy McFadden ? Or J. R. Rodgers ? Or Robert Farren ? They have all written some really beautiful or powerful verse, and they have all been classed as Irish poets. To me, one of the most essentially Irish of them is Patrick MacDonogh. He is a poet of love and nature, but often sombre and unsatisfyingly nostalgic. He came to the front in Ireland during the war, but had his beginnings in what, I think, was longingly known as "AE's Poultry Farm". Another late-comer who missed the Irish renaissance and published several volumes after 1937 is John Irvine. He writes in a manner that cannot be identified with that of any of the recent Irish poets. He is a graceful and compact poet, if a little too ordinary in epithet, and seems to have been influenced by Landor, Fitzgerald, Flecker and the poets of the *Greek Anthology*. At any rate there are affinities, and he has translated much verse from the last.

The wind now is blowing from all directions and from none. The only living English poet who seems to stand unchallenged and four-square is Walter de la Mare, for John Masefield of recent years has not been given a fair deal. The poetry of the second half of this century will probably owe most of its impulse to the two kinds known as Victorian and Georgian, with fertilization from the later moderns. Little interest is shown by the sensitive man in the street, but such as there is all in the direction of verse that can be easily spoken and easily listened to. Three verse-speakers' anthologies published in 1950 seem to indicate the direction of the coming new wind : *Poems for Speaking*, compiled by Richard Church ; *Personal Choice*, compiled by Wilfred Pickles ; *Anthology for Verse Speakers*, compiled by E. Guy Pertwee. This last, to which I added a preface, is the most bulky of the three. But they each contain verse from Shakespeare to the poets of the present day, and show how all new poetry must be based on tradition if it is to be effective. The verse in all three anthologies has been tested by verse-speakers and found attractive to listeners. They were all compiled to fulfil a crying need, and they were all published independently of one another yet within a few weeks or months of one another. What is peculiar about them is the very small amount of space given to characteristic verse of the last two decades. The Georgians get a fair deal, and the battle between Georgians and modernists seems to have ended in easy victory for the

Georgians, who despite their limitations are now seen to be in the great tradition of English poetry, even though they were not flowing sufficiently in the centre of the stream. Their revolt against the Victorians may now appear more of an escape than a revolt, an escape towards the banks of the stream, but they never settled into the little bays and side eddies. The Georgians tended to avoid the patriotic, the ethical and religious ; but the modernists have done little better and, if less amoral, have been hesitant of expressing vital religious or absolute truths in communicable diction. Nearly all the best Christian poetry with a swift and lucid appeal pre-dates 1930, though it was often written by poets who were not definitely classed as Georgian. Tenderness and gracefulness, which were frequent features of Georgian poetry, gave way to the harsh and obscurely cerebral. Worst of all, many of the new poets sought to do with poetry what sanity had never previously attempted. But a great deal of all this is obviously at an end. What the future is to bring forth is not yet clear, but we are possibly on the eve of a very interesting and exciting poetry revival.

*(The first and second parts of this article appeared in the September and October issues of THE FORTNIGHTLY. Next month will be published an appreciation of Herbert Palmer himself, by Derek Stanford.)*

# THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

## CERVANTES AND HIS COMPANY

BY E. ALLISON PEERS

WHAT is the quality in Spanish literature, those who teach or study it often ask, which commends it so strongly to foreigners? Those who view it from the outside can have no conception of its attractiveness. It is like Spain itself, and like the Spanish people: one may not have the good fortune to visit the first or to come to know the second, but those who do will be irresistibly drawn to them again and again. So it is with what Mr. Brenan calls the "literature of the Spanish people"\*, the literature (or should one use the plural?) that has had its birth in Spain. I think the explanation of this attraction is its universality. It is intensely human, this literature of the "man of flesh and bone"—a mirror in which each of us sees himself, his moods, his ideals, his failings, his problems. This remark is a commonplace when applied to *Don Quixote*, in each of whose two great characters there is something of every man and woman of us. But a similar remark might also be made of Jorge Manrique, whose elegy on the death of his father echoes the experiences and the moods of us all; of Juan Escrivá, whose poem on death shows us humanity in one of its unmistakably pagan moments; of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, a magnificently impudent eulogy of the children of this world who are wiser in their generation than the children of light; of the *Celestina*, whose two lovers are not just any two lovers, but, regarded from one angle, are *all* lovers.

And, if we think of our other selves—of the moments when we have immortal longings on us—Spanish literature can still give exquisite expression to what

most of us would say if we knew how. Had it only St. John of the Cross, for all his love of beauty so austere and inflexible, we might well despair. But it has also the Lope de Vega of the *Rimas Sacras*, the incorrigible yet repentant sinner, with his sweetest songs telling of saddest thought, his fervent apostrophes, his moments of devastating candour, his startling flashes of insight.

Some of these things, and many others, Mr. Brenan has set out to convey in his substantial, well-written and frankly subjective account of a literature which has captivated him as it captivates us all. Though it follows an approximately chronological order, it is an essay, rather than a history, saying much of writers, books and poems, but little of tendencies and movements. So it should be read less with a view to examinations than for pure pleasure. Unfortunately its author hardly goes beyond the beginning of the twentieth century, which, in any work on Spanish literature, would be a pity, but is doubly so in such a personal one, untrammelled by any need to pronounce objective judgments or to show a precise historical perspective. This limitation means that Mr. Brenan can "do little more than mention" so eminently universal a figure as Jacinto Benavente, the greatest living Spanish creative writer, enviably productive to-day at the age of 85. Still, not all the moderns are so scurvily treated. If Benavente gets only 12 lines, García Lorca only a hyperbolic epitaph, and most of his contemporaries among the poets nothing at all, Pío Baroja (whom Mr. Brenan rates very highly) is given four and a half pages, and Juan Ramón

\* *The Literature of the Spanish People*, by Gerald Brenan. Cambridge University Press. 40s.



Jiménez nearly nine. The fact that the "facile, inventive, often rather flippant" Gómez de la Serna has a full page and that a minor poet like José Moreno Villa "requires to be mentioned" while the really great poetry of Salinas and Guillén goes unmentioned and unquoted shows that Mr. Brenan, though an enthusiastic guide, is by no means a safe one.

Enthusiasm, however, if backed by knowledge, is a valuable quality, and Mr. Brenan has it in a high degree. I should not myself dissent from many of his superlatives: "The Archpriest (of Hita) is the most self-aware of all the writers of the Middle Ages"; "Celestina herself is one of the most vivid and splendid creations of all literature"; "Calderón's most thrilling poetry was written in the first half of his life." But where I do (as with the view that Pérez Galdós, discussed at greater length than Lope de Vega and almost as fully as Cervantes, is "by far the greatest of Spanish novelists") I can respect them. For there are no rights and wrongs in these matters, and Spanish literature, just because it is so intensely human, elicits an unflinching response from human nature. There is a simple but striking phrase in Rubén Darío's sonnet to Cervantes which admirably illustrates the spirit of this book. "Hours of sadness and depression," exclaims the poet, "I spend in my lonely retreat. But *Cervantes es buen amigo*." Exactly: "Cervantes is a good friend." And what is true of Cervantes is true of the rest of the varied and vital figures in the procession. They are no solemn statues on pedestals, appealing only to the intellect. Juan Ruiz, Gil Vicente, Luis de León, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Calderón, Rosalía Castro, Pérez Galdós, Pío Baroja; they differ widely in merit and in genius, but they have one thing in common—they are our author's good friends, and he would have them the good friends of us all. Some years before the last war, a well-known Spanish poet and critic published an anthology of contem-

porary poetry which various of his contemporaries, not themselves included in it, maliciously dubbed "Anthology of my best friends." The term, in a more flattering sense, and all sincerity, may be applied to Mr. Brenan's essay.

It is the more appropriate because he has provided generous selections (with literal translations) from the poets of the Spanish people, ranging from a Latin hymn by Prudentius to a seascape by Juan Ramón Jiménez. He also provides an annotated bibliography—not a mere book list—"to help the general reader to find the best available texts of the writers he may wish to read, and the most useful books of a critical and biographical nature that have been written upon them." For this, and for the conception and execution of the book as a whole, the general reader will certainly be grateful.

**THE FOURTH REPUBLIC OF FRANCE: Constitution and Political Parties**, by O. R. Taylor. *Royal Institute of International Affairs*. 15s.

The study of modern government can be conducted at several different levels and the writer of books on the subject must decide on what plane his work is to lie. Ultimately, no working system can be fully understood without going below the formal institutional and legal level to the political level of party alignments and activities, and then below that again to the economic forces and social tendencies which explain the make-up of political parties. At each level, a sense of historical growth and change has to be preserved since even the newest régime inherits and is moulded by, past experience.

Mr. Taylor has deliberately chosen to confine his study to the institutional and the political levels, and has made his aim descriptive rather than interpretative. There can be no quarrel with this choice, and the book's subtitle makes it clear that this is his choice. But it means that the reader must not expect to find here a penetrating expla-

ation of why the balance and alignment of political parties in the Fourth French Republic is so different from the pattern of the Third, nor a discussion of the economic problems (especially fiscal and inflationary) which have caused the fall of so many French ministries these past five years. What we will find is a clear and orderly description of the new Constitution of 1946, and of the present party spectrum in the National Assembly. This job was worth doing, for it has not been easy for the general student of French affairs to find, in handy form, the simple facts of these matters. Mr. Taylor's book is a most useful compilation of them—a political handbook of current French politics. Fair criticism must begin by treating it as just that.

As such, its main defect is a certain lack of historical perspective, which robs some of its judgments and even its descriptions of completeness. It omits those large parts of the working constitution which were taken over, tacitly and virtually intact, from the Third Republic: the judicial system and the administrative system, with the *Conseil d'Etat* at its head; the traditions of parliamentary procedure, so admirably described in Mr. D. W. S. Lidderdale's book on *The Parliament of France*; the structure of local government and administration. Judgments on the Third Republic are often lopsided: was President Poincaré so negligible a factor in government as it is implied the President normally was (p. 55), and were pre-war cabinets, with *pleins pouvoirs*, so utterly at the mercy of the Chambers as it is suggested (p. 44)? The significance of M. Blum's 'caretaker' cabinet, the only single-party government in the history of modern France, is completely missed. One could multiply such omissions, which even on the chosen level give the book an air of superficiality. Already—and given printing delays this is no censure on the author—the details of electoral laws are out of date. A much more systematic index would have greatly improved the usefulness of the

book, which lies in being a ready-reference for facts, names and constitutional details of what is new in the political system of France.

DAVID THOMSON.

ESSAYS ON GOVERNMENT, by Sir Ernest Barker. *Oxford University Press.* 25s.

In this second edition of his *Essays on Government* Sir Ernest Barker has omitted one essay which was in the first, on the Government of the Third French Republic, and brought in two others, "The Theory of the Social Contract in Locke, Rousseau and Hume" and "St. Augustine's Theory of Society". He has also revised two of the other essays in the collection. Both the additional essays have been published before as introductions to texts of the authors they discuss.

Sir Ernest Barker's quality of scholarship is familiar. He is urbane rather than trenchant, balanced and not challenging. He does not approach the great thinkers of the past with the cocksure bellicosity of many of his less able contemporaries. It is not his purpose to shock or to shake, but to expound. He enters the society of great minds as he would a dignified club to which he had been not long elected. He listens with pleasure and respect, making his own polished interventions. We must not then look for explosive or contentious writing in either of the additional essays in this book. They were written as introductions to the theory of social contract and the *Civitas Dei*, and it is this purpose that they faithfully serve.

It is a measure of the calm receptiveness of Sir Ernest Barker's mind that he writes with equal sympathy and understanding of St. Augustine, who never lowered his eyes from God once he had raised them, and of Locke who saw God rather as a constitutional monarch, and of Rousseau who hardly saw Him at all. In his essay on social contract he makes clear the antiquity of this notion, how it was grounded in the idea of natural law which Antigone

invoked against Creon's edicts, how it had long flourished in European thought and how the originality of Locke and Rousseau lay in the twists they gave the theory. Similarly St. Augustine's writing is shown as the confluence of ancient streams of thought, Plato, the Stoics, Posidonius. But though nourished on classical learning he was, as Sir Ernest Barker remarks, a sentinel looking forward to medieval Christendom. The boldness and subtlety of St. Augustine's thought is not likely to do more for a modern reader than give him a historical understanding of what followed. The concepts of which he writes, the heavenly and earthly cities, do not have an extension that corresponds to any sub-lunary grouping of people or institutions. The earthly city is not the State, and the city of God is not the Church, emphatically not the Church upon earth. His communities include angels and devils, thrones, dominations and powers. His political philosophy is determined by his theology. His justification of slavery, for instance, must be quite unacceptable, irrelevant in fact, to an anthropocentric generation. His thought is unlikely to have more than a historical interest in an age in which a correspondent can write to *The Times* of the gas-turbine as a prime mover, without so much as an inverted comma.

OWEN HICKEY

**RUSSIA BY DAYLIGHT**, by Edward Crankshaw. *Michael Joseph*. 15s.

It must be a little unusual to feel refreshed after reading a book on what is the central political problem of our time and the greatest contemporary menace to our lives and liberties. The intellectual independence and the reasonable temper of Mr. Crankshaw's approach to his subject, though they certainly offer no easy solution of the problem of the relationship of the free world to the Soviet Union, at least offer some hope that a firm but discriminating policy, pursued over a term of years,

may lead to a relaxation of present tensions. Russia, says Mr. Crankshaw, is an expansionist but not a wilful power; and in the course of her history "it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that when a particular expansionist threat has been frustrated the Russians have recoiled and sunk down into passivity, almost with a sigh of relief. Total resignation replaces total arrogance."

There is no question but that the present is a period of Russian expansionism, and the question must be how to frustrate Russia's expansionist ambitions without driving her rulers to desperation. The "general thesis of the book, in the author's words are "that Stalin and his friends are not to put it vulgarly, all they are cracked up to be, and that Soviet Russia, even if she has not feet of clay . . . has, to put it politely, her fair share of those internal contradictions in which Karl Marx . . . saw the downfall of organized societies." The large-scale organization of Soviet labour, for example, revelations of which have done so much to damage Russia's reputation among the movements of the Left, which had previously been her main sources of support, has been, in Mr. Crankshaw's view, not the deliberate creation of a malignant autocrat, but the outcome of a natural process stemming from the revolution. In foreign affairs, too, the Russian leaders have made grave errors of judgment, as with Tito, and Mr. Crankshaw considers that in consequence of his aggressive foreign policy Marshal Stalin has lately lost his hold over the Russians: "we have frightened ourselves into hysteria with a chime of our own imagination . . . in the light of recent Soviet actions the idea of a master-plan simply will not hold water."

Marshal Stalin himself, according to Mr. Crankshaw, is a Marxist only in the sense that for him the "internal contradictions" in the capitalist world obscure "his consciousness of all other aspects of that world;" and his



of Leninism and Marxism after the war has been partly due to his desire to get the Communist parties abroad "not interested in the glory of Russia," partly to the need of a disciplined organization to support the régime at home and partly to secure the succession, which, as a Russian patriot, Marshal Stalin is anxious to do.

I do not believe that Stalin will start a war of conquest." In Russia's industrial backwardness, in her comparative lack of progress in agriculture, in her army, which, though very formidable, has problems which it is easy to underestimate and a striking factor which it is easy to exaggerate, Mr. Crankshaw advances powerful arguments to support his belief. The most important question, however, is simply whether Russia will start a war—whether of conquest or not. That largely depends on the reactions of the Comintern to western rearmament; and though here again Mr. Crankshaw's reasoning suggests a favourable answer, in the field of psychology there remain many imponderables for either the rulers or ourselves to adopt this line with complete confidence. All we can say is that the Russians, including Marshal Stalin, will respect strength and despise weakness.

W. T. WELLS

**A SHORT HISTORY OF ZIONISM,**  
by Israel Cohen. *Frederick Muller.*

The State of Israel is over three and a half years old and has settled into its place on the map at such speed, that the coming into existence of the State is no longer a matter of discussion. Thus to many—certainly among non-Jews—the story of Zionism was tending to become coloured by the passage of time and the general hustle of our changing world. This is why Mr. Cohen's latest book *A Short History of Zionism* is a timely publication. It has, too, the merit of being well up to date and of conciseness and of chronological coherence; and, though it is a "success story", it avoids, with a deftness on which Mr. Cohen is

to be congratulated, that strain of embarrassingly exultant propaganda which latterly has been all too present in Israelite literature written for America by Jewish authors.

The book's contents cover the now well-known evolution of Zionism from the days of Sir Moses Montefiore down to Doctor Herzl and on to Dr. Weizmann. The chapters on the British Mandate for Palestine handle an acid issue with commendable objectiveness though there are comments "more in sorrow than in anger" which will strike a jarring note of patronage in the minds of English readers who are weary of being told by Jewish writers how allegedly stupid they have been. It ends with a short and temperate account of the Arab-Jewish armed conflict and an extremely interesting review of the way Israel is setting about putting its house in order.

But one topic which is going to loom large in Israeli politics for many years, is, perhaps, too lightly discussed, for the Arab refugee problem is to-day the largest refugee problem in the world. Mr. Cohen has limited his forecast of the future of Israel to very brief comments, but it is a disappointment that he has dismissed the Arab refugees in a few very non-committal common-places whereas the non-Jewish reading public, to whom his book is presumably addressed, are still awaiting a constructive Israeli policy on this vexed issue.

This omission—which I presume was deliberate—does not fundamentally detract from the value of the book. It is a fine readable record—easy to follow and unaffectedly written. On the inside of the cover is a surprisingly adequate map which supplements the text admirably. Above all there is, as Appendix I, a thorough chronology of Zionist evolution; and it and the well-compiled index will pilot readers safely through a story which other writers, less objectively-minded, have only too often reduced to incoherent melodrama.

OWEN TWEEDY

APPRENTICESHIP AT KURUMAN, edited by I. Schapera, Series 5, Central African Archives, Oppenheimer. Chatto & Windus. 30s.

Robert Moffat was only 25 when he and his wife Mary came to the Mission at Kuruman, founded in 1817, but until Moffat's arrival languishing under ineffective direction. By his energy and passionate faith, with much hardship and in face of great difficulties, he promoted Kuruman to a foremost place among the missions of Southern Africa.

This book deals with the early struggles of one of the giants of nineteenth century evangelism to establish Christianity among the tribes of southern Bechuanaland. The papers now assembled cover the first and most difficult period of Moffat's ministry, among tribesmen whose interest in his message was at the best faint, at a time when Bechuanaland, like so much of the sub-continent, was torn by tribal war. They consist of journals, compiled by Moffat for his directors, and of selections from his official and personal letters, the whole covering the period 1820 to 1828. There are also letters from Mary Moffat to relatives in England.

This period in Moffat's life has of course already been dealt with in his own *Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa* and in J. S. Moffat's biography of his father and mother. But if this publication lacks something of the historical interest of others in the same series (for instance, *The Matabele Journals*), it provides much material useful as a background to the later chronicles. It also contains several things that are new. There is considerable information about the various inter-tribal disturbances that distracted the country, the actors in the troubled scene are shown in greater detail, while the true composition of the horde of starving bandits—the so-called Mantatees—that invaded the Tlhaping

country in 1823, is explicitly stated for the first time. Of lesser—and more scandalous interest—are some of the charitable comments on Moffat's colleagues and acquaintances, the surprising discovery is his dislike of Dr. John Philip. It seems however that Moffat, who held that the missionary's task was first and foremost to convert the heathen, disapproved of political activities into which Philip was led by his championship of oppressed peoples. Strange that in 1884, a year after Moffat's death, his successor John Mackenzie, compelled to fight the same battle as Philip by the intervention of the Boers on the tribesmen, should become the first Commissioner of the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland.

Much of the interest of these papers lies in the light they shed on Moffat's character. His flawless phlegm, his courage, his ardent faith, his resolution and capacity for quick decision, as well as his dependence on Mary for solace in moments of depression—all these are underlined. But so too is his total lack of sympathy with the African as a human personality, his disregard for any beliefs that did not fit into his own sombre theology, his boundless contempt for any custom that did not conform to his narrow view of Christian living. To the end of his life he would never admit that the African had any religion of his own worth consideration, and this correspondence is full of comments on this intolerant, so lacking in perception, that they leave one speechless.

As was to be expected from its source, the book is very well produced. Professor Schapera's abundant notes are invaluable, and his introduction in addition to comment on the documents themselves, gives a clear description of the setting in which Moffat and his colleagues laboured. There is a useful index and the map is simple and adequate.

A. SILL

**LOYD GEORGE**, by Thomas Jones,  
H. Oxford University Press. 21s.

This biography is a fascinating study of marred greatness. "A dynamic force" was Lord Baldwin's description of David Lloyd George whom he disliked and distrusted. The ordinary man forgets the quality of sheer physical endurance demanded from a politician; his life, for one who lives it with a will, is the hardest on earth. He marked success in politics, to be among the few outstanding in each century, a man needs first and foremost tireless energy and vitality. It is a quality which needs to be joined to brilliance, but it is rarer than brilliance. Gladstone had it, Mr. Churchill has it, and also Mr. Aneurin Bevan—which is why he looms so formidably over the future of the Labour party. David Lloyd George had it in a quite special degree. One of his successes was the Irish Constitution of 1922; this is Dr. Jones's judgment on his conduct of the difficult negotiations with Griffith and Collins:

He put every ounce of energy into the conference. Tenacity, foresight, vigilance, firmness to opponents, patience with opponents and colleagues alike, a mind of the most extraordinary intuitive swiftness, the most unflinching good temper day and night, hours of intense strain no less than in times of comparative smoothness—these were the shining qualities that brought to an end the deadlock which had baffled the great statesmen of England.

It is natural to compare Lloyd George with Mr. Churchill. He had fewer advantages. At this stage no sound judgment can be made, but one can guess that while both were great war leaders, Mr. Churchill was perhaps the better administrator of a war. Lloyd George despised, but kept, Haig and Robertson. The vastness of the machine they controlled gave them a strength which no general in this last war of smaller armies possessed. Lloyd George certainly failed to have his way with them. He lacked, of course, that more detailed knowledge of military matters which Mr. Churchill had gained

for himself.

On the other hand, Lloyd George has two reputations. He was as great in peace as he was in war. The social reforms of the pre-war Liberal Ministry were his; they are the foundations of the welfare State. It has to be remarked that Mr. Churchill, at the Board of Trade while Lloyd George was at the Exchequer, was a junior partner in this work. But the Liberal who stayed a Liberal, who "was always on the side of the under-dog," is here in a class by himself.

His greatness was marred. Dr. Jones, who worked closely with his subject, has done well to bring this out so delicately. For this reason his book, while it should delight the general reader, is a primer for politicians. He remarks at one point that Lloyd George had no real friends. This is probably significant. Just as he had no friends, he had no real party loyalties. He was thinking of coalitions before the 1914-1918 war. He hugged his private fund and would not share it with the Liberal party which he, though not wittingly, did more than any man to split and ruin. He was a magician in love with his magic. Dr. Jones quotes Lord Robert Cecil: "It is better to have second-class brains than second-class characters." In England people as well as party politicians tend to agree.

WALTER JAMES

**THE GERALDINES**, by Brian Fitzgerald. Staples Press. 15s.

Mr. Brian Fitzgerald tells his magnificent family history from the Norman Conquest to the Battle of Kinsale, which ended both the Gaelic-Norman and the Geraldine power in Ireland. This greatest of Norman-Irish families was "sprung from a house whose beginnings go back to the days of Troy." From the Gherardini family of Florence, came, through Normandy, into England, the Baron Otho of Edward the Confessor's reign, whose grandson Gerald married



the famous Princess Nesta of South Wales. One of their sons was Maurice FitzGerald, invader of Ireland with Strongbow.

From Maurice's line sprang the great Geraldine clan—the Earls of Kildare and Desmond and their offshoots, whose place in Ireland was to be unique among other Norman-Irish families in which similar culture assimilated with Norman-Gaelic intermarriage of body and mind. The Geraldine history, which Mr. FitzGerald says rightly, is the history of Ireland, is as confused as that, in political allegiance. Now some serving the English Crown, now some with other Geraldine and Gaelic allies, in revolt—for a land rather than a national war—again themselves suppressing Gaels and cousin Geraldines ruthlessly. The Great Earl of Kildare, of whom Henry VII answered the Bishop of Meath's plaint: "All Ireland cannot rule this man" with: "Then he shall rule all Ireland"—which he did as Lord Deputy—came near to being king of a united Irish nation, in which, as in him, Norman and Gael might have been perfectly fused.

The author begins significantly with the Irish land, a chief character among many great characters; he describes fascinatingly the life of castle and cabin and countryside of each period; he illuminates the Elizabethan age, recording such events as the massacre of the Spanish and Italian garrison at Smerwick in 1580—at the end of the Desmond Rebellion, when pregnant women too were hanged—an operation directed by Sir Walter Raleigh; but he does not conceal the violence of his own illustrious ancestors. If he reveals an occasional prejudice, it is against the Church of Rome, while he is kinder to the humble friars, friends of the poor.

Mr. FitzGerald writes with a beautiful evocation of landscape and atmosphere and a novelist's power of showing living characters, and a peculiar and enchanting intimacy, which makes the reader a guest in those FitzGerald castles. Behind the violence and

tragedy lie the gentlenesses which make the legend in which the Geraldine, once of the 'middle nation' in Ireland and never wholly native Irish—remains to-day a beloved legend in a country prone to bitter memories. They show high sense of chivalry, were patrons of the arts and of Gaelic scholars—the third Earl of Desmond wrote his poem "Against Blame of Women" in Gaelic—their ladies often tended the sick and the miserable poor; the Great Earl was champion of the poor; they included friars in their noble hospitality. They were so important a factor in English history that Henry VIII executed the last Kildare FitzGerald on one February day in 1537 at Tyburn, in an attempt to exterminate the family, thus reducing it to one eleven-year-old boy.

All over Ireland those FitzGerald castles stand, tall, ivy-covered Norman towers in ruins. Now, after reading Brian FitzGerald's history, I shall see them alive, lit and warm and popular. I shall hear in imagination the music once played within which was one strong assimilating influence of half-Celtic Normans and Irish Celts. And in Dublin by the Liffey I shall see Sir John Thomas ride, a "tall, pale figure" at the head of his rebellion, shouting the Irish war cry 'Crom-a-boo!' to recall the Dubliners to the Geraldines.

PAMELA HINKSON

**AUDEN: An Introductory Essay**  
Richard Hoggart. *Chatto & Windus*. 12s. 6d.

This book, by a lecturer in English at the University College of Hull, the first full-length one on Mr. Auden's work, is welcome and valuable. "enfant terrible" among the poets of the 'thirties, has, in his subsequent development, taken many of his early admirers and critics out of their debt and it is primarily for this reason that a really authoritative assessment of his poetry was needed, which Mr. Hoggart's book supplies. In its precise and progressive examination of Mr. Auden's work, its exposition of his technical achievement, its setting of

politics, the personal and the symbolic scene, is admirable.

Man who admired the early poetry have been puzzled—and sometimes alienated—by the longer works Mr. Auden has written in America. From the tobacco-laden atmosphere and psychological symbolism he seems only to have moved towards still denser obscurities. Some have sought the cause or this in his emigration to America, some in his conversion to Christianity. Mr. Hoggart's great service has been to show that these recent works (*New Year Letter*, *The Sea and the Mirror*, *For the Time Being* and *The Age of Anxiety*) are still interim that the obscurities are caused, in part by the complex nature of the ideas V. H. Auden is now trying to express; and in part by the search for an adequate artistic form for them. Moreover, his old conflict, between the artist and the moralist, is now heightened so that he tends, in Mr. Hoggart's words, "... to make statements in his verse rather than to explore his experience ..."

W. I. Auden's early poetry, with its self-conscious experimentalism, its mental posturing, its exhibitionism and its intellectual glamour, had a strong—and occasionally quite deleterious—influence. Young poets without his brilliance were tempted to imitate him, with unfortunate results. But now that Kierkegaard and Niebuhr have supplanted Marx, Freud and Groddeck in his philosophy, and he has seen that man is not naturally good or self-sufficient, and that even to aim at personal happiness is spiritual destruction, his following has diminished.

There is no doubt that his spiritual development has given a new source of potential strength to his work. The old faults persist, and, as Mr. Hoggart indicates, it may be that the Christianity Mr. Auden now sees to be man's need, is still in his case too exclusively an intellectual concept.

Can I learn to suffer without saying  
Something ironic or funny  
About suffering ?

in *The Sea and the Mirror* does indeed suggest this.

But if he can forget to worry about his public and to harangue it, to be "clever" or to pose, and let his poetry embody the fundamental truths which he has in recent years apprehended, then, surely he will find that, far from there being a split between art and these fundamentals, it is the privilege of the artist to help others towards the same truths. For this, the hopeful still wait.

The claim on the book-jacket and implied also in the text, that W. H. Auden is "... with T. S. Eliot, one of the two most influential living poets in the English-speaking world" should not be allowed to pass. The future is unpredictable, but no one now shares the peak with Mr. Eliot. The suggested parallel, too, between the causes which prompted the emigration of these two poets, seems forced and improbable.

LOVEDAY MARTIN

**WINGED CHARIOT**, by Walter de la Mare. *Faber & Faber*. 10s. 6d.  
**SELECTED LYRICAL POEMS**, by Richard Church. *Staples Press*. 8s. 6d.

**WITHIN FOUR WALLS**, by Winifred Gibson. *Fortune Press*. 10s. 6d.

To those of us who belong to a younger generation it is hard sometimes to remember that a revolution in the practice of poetry took place some thirty years ago. To us, the language of Eliot and after-Eliot is so much our mother tongue that we feel (quite rightly) that it is a natural development of the English tradition. But to many who grew up in the age of the Georgians, the new language, the new manner, and the new subject matter seemed to open a tremendous chasm between the familiar and the new. This revolution, this rift, presented a very special problem to poets who had formed their style in the pre-1914 period. Some declined into the merely archaic; some gave up writing altogether. A few, such as Yeats and Charles Williams, deliberately adjusted their style to the

new age ; while others, such as the three poets under review, recognized the change in audience without seeking over much to change their manner of speech.

To Mr. de la Mare, for whom a permanent place in literature is already assured, the changed age has meant less than to most, since he never really belonged to any age. His poems dwell, for the most part, on images new yet familiar, passed on from generation to generation like a grandfather's clock. The clock, indeed, is the sustaining symbol of his new poem, together with other time-keepers and time-markers : cock-crow, the hour-glass, the clepsydra, and the candle. They are, all of them, long-loved properties of Mr. de la Mare's poetry, yet here they seem to take a new meaning as they speak to new ears. For *Winged Chariot*, though its language quite often reminds us of yesterday, is essentially a contemporary poem and will be enjoyed most by those who are acquainted with the trend of contemporary poetry. It is a musing in and out of and around the subject of time. I have never felt that Mr. de la Mare was at his most successful in his philosophical poems, but here, by letting the theme run slackly on the reins, he moves gently and graciously through thought and dream, exhortation and memory. There is much which shows that the poet is more aware of the modern world than his few critics and some of his many admirers would admit, but the central experience remains what is always was :

Yet, when, a child, I was content to rove  
The shingled beach that I was Crusoe of,  
All that I learned there was akin to love.

Richard Church has made more effort to adapt his voice to the modern habit, but, as this selection clearly shows, he writes best when he remains true to his original impulse. He rarely succeeds entirely when he tries to make the poem say something which is not there to begin with. But he does

succeed when he sticks close to those homely and unspectacular experiences which obviously mean very much to him : digging, burning weeds, bell-ringing, shielding his head from the sun with 'devil's rhubarb', whatever that may be (the leaves of butterbur, perhaps). He includes here a few pieces, such as "The Waterfall" and "Caprice in Trafalgar Square", which are little more than exercises in a conventional mode ; but the best of the poems have a quiet completeness, an almost humdrum certainty, which is both good and rare :

Swallows still haunted the aerials and eaves  
And the billowing clouds of Michaelmas  
blossoms  
Rang with bee-traffic.

Wilfrid Gibson's special contribution to poetry has been to relate the folk rhythms of Edward Thomas and Robert Frost to the folk speech of Northumberland. So far as vocabulary goes he has done the job magnificently. The language in *Within Four Walls* has a splendid harsh clink like the sound of a stone rolling down a scree, but unfortunately it is wrapped up in a dead man's suit of ready-made blank verse. In Mr. Gibson's narrative poems his characters are alive and cracking, but in these five plays they are forced to act out a continual Old Moore's Almanac of obvious prophesies. The wildness, the loneliness, the vitality of Border life are all there, but—as it were—off-stage rather than on it.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

**GORIBON'S FOLLY**, by Jacques Laurent. *John Lehmann*. 15s.

**PASSION PLAY**, by Clive Sansom. *Methuen*. 9s. 6d.

**THE GABRIEL**, by William Morum. *Boardman*. 10s. 6d.

Just as every clown aspires to play Hamlet, so every novelist of essentially lyric talent cherishes, it would seem, a



desire to write a novel of epic size. To depict, in Newman's phrase, "the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration"—this is a vision not merely "to dizzy and appal" but to fire the creative impulse of every writer. And as we now to our cost, it is a vision often pursued to the bitter and monotonous end.

Some such desire, of an unusually wayward kind, was clearly involved in the birth of *Goribon's Folly*; for this 100-page fantasy, translated from the French, is announced as the first part only of a larger work. Even fantasy must have its pretext, and here it is supplied by the whim of Goribon, a Portuguese millionaire. The institute he founds "for the Study and Prevention of Suicide" is the occasion and the framework of the narrative. The intrigues for power and place of the institute's members are the first of its two main concerns; the other is their love life, which, so far from being a thing apart, intrudes itself at every moment. The reader who knows France only by repute might well exclaim, with Miss Bowen's young man, that Paris itself could hardly be more French.

The first point that emerges from a reading of *Goribon's Folly* is that M. Laurent is a considerable writer. He has a nice eye for the idiosyncrasies of human conduct, and an apt pen in setting them down. One's second response, however, is of regret that he has not put his talents to more purposive use. Digression is not aimlessness, and it is into the latter course that the book too often falls. Constantly one waits for the impending revelation; constantly one is deceived. M. Laurent might argue that life is like that; but art is not life, and no novel is the worse for a sense of direction. This one would lose little by a reduction to two-thirds of its length. These hard words said, it should be added that, in certain of its parts if not in sum, *Goribon's Folly* makes entertaining reading. Its

guide to the art of the best-seller is at least as good as anything of its kind.

On a slighter canvas, and in a simpler style, Mr. Sansom's novel comes closer to excellence. Hardly a word here but has its place in the scheme of cause and effect. *Passion Play* is the story of a Bavarian girl, Maria, who is allotted the part of the Virgin in a local representation of the sufferings of Christ. To Father Müller, the village priest, it seems fitting that this should be so, for he detects in her a difference—a quality which sets her apart from the worldly pre-occupations of most of his charges. It is this same elusive trait, however, which makes her attractive to Weber, the young professional actor who plays Judas. Both as actor and man, indeed, Weber follows the path of betrayal. The gossip which arises when Maria conceives a child does not leave Father Müller himself untouched; only now does he understand that his regard for her has been dangerously personal. At the close of the book, there is no easy resolution, but one character voices his faith that "behind all the vagueness and uncertainty there is thought and passion and design."

It says much for the author's talent that, in a book in which both taste and reverence are called for, he contrives to offend neither. Nor, so cautiously does he play his hand, does the central device of the story appear improbable. If the whole has a defect, it is that the character of Maria herself is imperfectly realized.

M. Laurent and Mr. Sansom are both, in their different ways, natural writers; Mr. Morum is not, and the book he has written suffers in the comparison. It suffers too from its closeness to his own feelings; his hero's career is too patently his own. Nevertheless, if one can forgive its clichés of phrase and treatment, *The Gabriel* has its merit as an example of honest sentiment honestly expressed.

JOHN EALES

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

To eyes made lately aware—of the incredulous shock of beauty in the bullfighter's entry and preliminary stance ; of the singleminded teamwork brought to a pitch of apparent effortlessness by the entertainers in the open air of a Barcelona night club ; of the stateliness in the genuflections (which reduce those of Ireland and even of Italy to the company of rustic bobs) at high mass in the monastery church clinging to a rocky ledge of Montserrat ; of women walking, as goddesses, under the trees of Madrid or beside dusty ochre-red roads in the sierras—Londoners look a graceless lot. And a return just in time to see the closing programmes of Pilar Lopez and her companions at the Cambridge Theatre, changes tentative heresy into a defiant shout—that Spanish dancing causes contemporary ballet at home to seem pallid, sugary, lethargic, with its ethereality wispily tenuous, and ankle-stretching exercises its imitation of poise.

**A drop in temperature**

The grave down-bent profiles and flung hands of Spain, the drumming feet, music like a stir in the blood : all this stored warmth and vitality should help dispose of a task that, arduous always, on this occasion (and in sight of falling leaves and late-October fog) is chilling too. So for the plunge that is supposed to brace, straight into *THE SCANDINAVIAN BOOK*, compiled and edited by P. F. D. Tennant (*Hodge*, 15s.), who owns to the pleasant occupation of "devising a travelling companion for visitors." As would be expected from a former Lecturer in Scandinavian Studies at the University of Cambridge, his prefaces to the chapters on such subjects as the Vikings, manners and etiquette, food and drink, fauna and flora, fill in the background and complete the pictures sketched by the various extracts which follow. So that modern tourists may "acquire some sense of perspective" no author later

than the middle of the nineteenth century is quoted, and in the realm of books, art and music the reader is encouraged to search for himself.

The Vigfusson Reader in Ancient Icelandic Literature and Antiquities in the University of Oxford, G. Turville Petre, goes further back, to *THE HEROIC AGE OF SCANDINAVIA* (*Hutchinson's University Library*, 8s. 6d.). But, though the period between the eighth and thirteenth centuries covers his canvas, his aim is to show the region as part of the developing civilization of Europe entire. His discussion of the content and form of rune and scald and the *Edda* itself discloses the intermingled history, even while the deeds of individuals were the professed theme.

**Royal lives**

It is so in the saga called *A CENTURY OF BRITISH MONARCHY* (*Longmans*, 25s.) which Hector Bolitho lovingly records. His "series of detailed biographical studies"—of Queen Victoria and her Consort, the two Edwards and the two Georges, with the Queen Alexandra, Mary and Elizabeth—are inevitably, and with no connivance from him, so fitted into the industrial advancements, the quickening social concern, the developments in home and foreign affairs, the widening British Colonial family, that deliberate attempt to detach would have damaged and impoverished the whole. Nevertheless, for those who care exclusively for the personal daily doings of royalty there is still plenty of enjoyment, aided by the many photographs which culminate in a coloured reproduction of James Gunn's recent "Conversational Piece at Royal Lodge, Windsor".

**A world in chains**

As a New Zealander, who more or less lived for seven years in the cloister of Windsor Castle, Mr. Bolitho is entitled to express the *ne plus ultra* of affectionate loyalty which is sometime



almost a Commonwealth badge. There are Americans, too, for whom things and people British are what they call "the ops". With his first "lecture" in *THE PROSPECT BEFORE US* (*John Lehmann*, 15s.) John Dos Passos qualifies as an Anglophile, his subject being wartime Great Britain, which he subtitles "Ordeal by Fire". When he proceeds to "Ordeal by Government", meaning the Socialist variety, one feels that the admiration has waned. But then he finds much for misgiving in South America and the United States as well, especially when implying that after all "there is no place like home." His fear is that freedom is being strangled everywhere and, if the device by which he arranges questions with answers to precede and follow each "lecture" seems to be cumbersome, his mind and pen are agile enough to run sharp little pricks of terror all over his already uneasy reader; his picture, for example, of the beautiful Eva Perón in Buenos Aires dispensing bounty "among the overstuffed chairs and the salmon-coloured draperies" builds up into quite a nightmare.

### Word from Majorca

Perhaps the nightmare—mental, spiritual, physical, or all three—is still haunting the life of Robert Graves and that is why so stimulating a writer can so often be exasperating. His *OCCUPATION: WRITER* (*Cassell*, 12s. 6d.) a collection of "bye-works", seems to lend support to the supposition, for in its preface we learn that his "temporary pension for neurasthenia" granted after the 1914-1918 war was "later made permanent". So, this time, pity as well as irritation is aroused; his sense of humour can be impish and endearing—or a savage bite; he flouts sometimes delightfully and deservedly, but cannot be bothered to replace or rebuild when he has wantonly destroyed. We may balance a play for children, wherein the stable inmates talk horse sense to each other, with one in which library, tennis court and golf links

provide settings for the everlasting theme of homosexuality. It is for the sake of many of its short pieces, and particularly for the candour and courage of the last essay, that the book is recommended. Here speaks Robert Graves, the poet.

### Day's end

Honesty is not only the luxury of poets; it is one of the compensations of the advancing years, as Gwendolen Freeman demonstrates in *WHEN YOU ARE OLD* (*George Allen & Unwin*, 9s. 6d.). She gathers together her mostly humble people who, she says, on the whole are not encouraging on what they think of life: "My dear, rather a wash out", as one of them told her at 76. There is genteel Mrs. Pratt, crippled, "with hands folded together like crooked buds", living on memories of a long-ago trip to Spain. Rosetta is here, afraid of everything, and most of all of dying; she lies, seeing the Pope, who "had always been an arch-villain to her, mixed up with Anti-Christ and the Scarlet Woman," going across the ceiling. But there is 80-year-old Mrs. Baker too; given a dreary life that "was not her doing, she met it with a cheerful temperament. Was that her doing or not? And so back to the old question of free will."

### Hearing the call

Is it this that sent a man in 1860 to a cluster of coral islands in the South Pacific—so remote that "to this day there is only a monthly mail steamer and a fortnightly passenger aircraft linking Tonga to New Zealand"—to preach the Christian gospel? *MEMOIRS OF THE REV. DR. SHIRLEY WALDEMAR BAKER, M.A., LL.D.* (*Mayflower Publishing Co.*, 15s. 6d.) recounted by his daughters Lilian and Beatrice Shirley Baker, one of whom still lives in his house on the island, has a Foreword by K. Westcott Jones, who wrote an article "The Friendly Islands" for this review in July 1950. He traced the influence of the man who, as Prime Minister, ruled Tonga. This power behind the throne was responsible for



legislation still current in the reign of Queen Salote Tabou. Of enemies Shirley Baker seems to have had plenty, but that there are no illiterates on the islands speaks for the solid achievement of a man who single-handed established schools and Government colleges. It is claimed that the only native peoples in the Pacific basin who have not deteriorated since the coming of Europeans are these 34,000 inhabitants, their lessons, in independence, religious tolerance and respect for the individual, being first taught by him.

### Glamour

From this former rich field of anthropological research we turn to America's own primitive village community, "ruled by magic, with all the savage apparatus of totems, taboos and superstitious mumbo-jumbo." You have guessed it: HOLLYWOOD THE DREAM FACTORY (*Secker & Warburg*. 18s.) is the place, and a "trained investigator" who is also a Doctor of Philosophy (London) has written the book. Almost unnecessarily suitable is the author's name, but this is not to underrate Hortense Powdermaker's H-certificate revelations. Some of her chapter headings will indicate, as they say, her terms of reference: "Habitat and People, Mythical and Real", "Front Office", "Men who play God", "The Scribes", "Acting, in Hollywood", "Stars"; a year spent in the south-west Pacific studying the stone age culture of the Melanesians obviously stood her in good stead when she turned her searchlight eye on the jungle whose tribal deity is Money. Because she resists any attempt to satirize, her character sketches and statistical tables are all the more telling. What she calls the "totalitarian concept" in action there is ominously expressed in her closing chapter:

The Hollywood atmosphere of crises and

continuous anxiety is a kind of hysteria which prevents people from thinking, and is not too different from the way dictators use wars and continuous threats of war as an emotional basis for maintaining their power.

### The forward march

By contrast, ENGLISH SOCIETY IN THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES (*Penguin Books* 2s. 6d.) seems to have been orderly, quiet and kind. Doris Mary Stenton follows the evolutionary process speeded up by the Norman Conquest whereby the Departments of State derived through the king's household from his direct responsibility for government, just as Parliament grew out of his own small council. The countryside and its inhabitants with forests, open fields, village communities and manors, the organization of diocese and parish and the establishment of religious orders are seen as part of the increasingly complex pattern of the medieval world. If Lady Stenton has over-brightened her tapestry with gold and silver threads, who can deny that the fabric of the mid-twentieth century, after six hundred years of "progress", is more tarnished and threadbare than it need have become?

### Luxury printing

A glittering, elegant and opulent flashback to the opening paragraph shows the first number of a new quarterly FOYER (*Staples Press* 7s. 6d.) devoted to music, opera and ballet. In format, colour, illustrations and advertisements it has a sparkle only equalled by the names of those who serve on the editorial board. It surveys the chosen spheres from past, present and future angles, and its next issue promises among other enticements Dolores de Pedrosa y Sturdza's "Contemporary Spanish Dancing".

GRACE BANYARD